CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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WHAT is law? How shall it be enforced? Is there a fundamental difference between the "laws" of the long established, well educated community and the "moral code" of the roughest frontier settlement? These problems are the basis of a full-blooded story Madge Macbeth will present to our readers in the July issue of CANADA MONTHLY under the title of *Kleath's Alibi*. It is a story of the Yukon district during the early days of the gold rush that brought the slum and brains of the world to the roughest country God ever made, there to set up their own code of laws and to establish their own rough, although effective, methods of enforcing these laws. A master artist in word pictures, Madge Macbeth has never written a more vivid story than *Kleath's Alibi*.

Statisticians of the United States assert the lumber supply of that country will be exhausted in another quarter century. Our neighboring Republic is even now looking to outside markets for a considerable portion of her lumber. Europe will need great quantities of timber to rebuild the devasted war sections. She will have to look outside for a large portion of this material. It is our boast that Canada will be able to supply the world with lumber products for years to come. In an authoritative article written for the readers of CANADA MONTHLY the Forestry Service of British Columbia points out how this one province alone can supply the world markets with timber products for many years to come.

Mona Cleaver's *Letters of a V. A. D.* will be concluded in the July issue. Yes there is a love affair, as you will guess after reading the first series of the letters from the Voluntary Aid in this issue. Miss Cleaver gives us in the next installment a "peep into the works" of the army of the Allies. Of course part of it is fiction, but there is enough reality to make the whole piece interesting.

The Point of Saturation and *Who Laughs Last* are two fiction numbers which will add zest to the July issue. There will of course be a long installment of *The Son of the Otter*. The romance between Ahteck and Mititesh is fully developed in this portion of the story but like most encounters with little Corporal Dan, the course of the true love between the big Indian trapper and the little woman he plucked from the clutches of starvation, is disturbed by a lasting storm.

These are only a few of the many features of the July issue —one of the best numbers of CANADA MONTHLY ever published.

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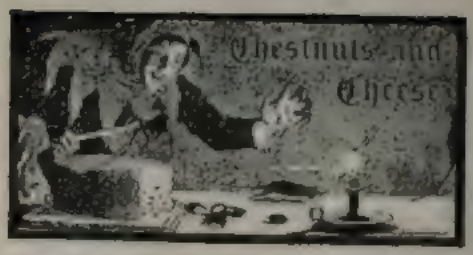

The talk topic in the lobby of the Chateau Laurier recently turned to the subject of thoughtless remarks, when this story was recalled by one of the Conservative leaders.

Some time ago John Henry married the beautiful Gladys Maybelle, and the wedding was one of the big events of the burg in which they lived. During the reception that followed the ceremony, John Henry noticed a sad-looking citizen standing apart in another room.

"I say, old fellow," he joyously remarked, rushing up to the sad one, "what in the world are you doing here all alone?"

"Nothing at all," was the lame excuse offered by the other. "Simply avoiding the crush."

"You must come right out here and join the jubilee," warmly declared John Henry. "Have you kissed the bride?"

"I—er—I," thoughtlessly stammered the sad one; "no, not lately."

~

At a dinner party they were speaking of father's fondness for hanging around the cigarstore half the night, when someone was reminded of something along that line.

A bunch of girls were rallying around an ice cream table when one of the party suddenly became possessed of a happy thought.

"Oh, girls!" she exclaimed, "I just heard the most perfectly lovely conundrum! What is the difference between an old maid and a married woman?"

"Give us the answer," said another while the rest pondered. "We couldn't guess it in a week of Wednesdays."

"An old maid," was the smiling response of the first, "looks for a husband every day, and a married woman looks for one every night."

~

"I always make it a practice to hold my wife's coat or jacket," said the young husband of a few months' experience. "It is such little attentions that make 'em happy."

"Huh," grunted a war-scarred veteran, "that's just the thing that has caused more fights than anything. How's a man going to tell whether the collar of her waist goes inside or outside the coat? I get it wrong every time."

Irving Winslow, of Boston, somewhat belated, asserts that Longfellow was not historically accurate in his facts as presented in *Evangeline*, which has to do with an earlier Belgium.

We have no hope in the matter but if William James and W. T. Stead are ready to begin communicating they might induce Longfellow to come across with the facts, not that we are interested.

But if H. W. does get into communication with the earth plane because of this attack we'd like to ask him to tell us the real pronunciation of *Hiawatha*.

~

Myers, the barber in charge of the tenor chair in Old Hank Wagner's shop, has made a discovery. He finds that a talking machine record is absolutely the finest thing on earth for sharpening razors. He takes a piece of a record and rubs the razor on the music side, across the fine lines made by the sound waves, and asserts the result is better than he ever attained with the finest hone.

There is a natural query arising from this:

What tune do you think is best adapted for sharpening razors?

Our suggestion is:

"Hone, Sweet Hone."

~

At the weekly penny ante party Patricia happened to be making an effort to put one over and when she was called she threw her hand into the discard.

"What did you have anyway?" she was asked.

"Nothing but a billy goat," she replied.

"Why do you call it a billy goat?"

"Because it was all but."

~

"I see that Mrs. Smoqker has gone to Battle Creek to take treatment," said the lady with the limousine to Mrs. M'Lap.

"So I heerd," said the dear old soul. "But I dunno's I'd like to go and take baths in a little crick where thousands are going every year. Seems like it would be pretty crowded."

~

"Why all these toots as you pass that village?" inquired the fireman.

"Toots is my wife's pet name," explained the engineer.

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In war-time do not waste time and energy on unimportant and unprofitable work. Economize labour. Put off unproductive work till after the war, and, if possible, help in producing something needed now. Let us not waste labour. Canada needs it all. If possible help to feed the Allies. Make your backyard a productive garden. Cultivate it with a will. Make your labour count for as much as possible.

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THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA 5

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The Archbishop of Canterbury was to officiate at an important service in London. The main entrance to the Abbey was opened, and a great space roped off so that the dignitaries might alight from their equipages unmolested. When a dusty four-wheeler crossed the square, driven by a fat, red-faced cabby, bobbies rushed out to head him off.

"Get out of 'ere," one of them called briskly. "This entrance is reserved for the Archbishop."

With a wink and a backward jerk of his thumb the irrespressible cabby replied cheerfully:

"I 'ave the old duffer inside."

~

"Excuse me, sir," said the panhandler, shuffling up to Dubbleigh's side, "but you couldn't let me have $15, could you ?"

"Fifteen dollars ?" echoed Dubbleigh, "Great Scott, man; do you for one moment suppose I'd be fool enough to give you $15 ?"

"No, chief—I didn't," said the panhandler, "but I sort o' hoped you'd regard it as a kind of personal assessment and swear off fourteen ninety, leavin' me with a dime to the good !"

He got it.

~

It was the first time that four-year-old Willie had ever seen a snake; and, as it writhed and squirmed along, he ran into the house to tell of his discovery. "O mother," he exclaimed, "come here quick. Here's a tail wagging without any dog."

~

"Senator, you promised me a job."

"But there are no jobs."

"I need a job, Senator."

"Well, I'll ask for a commission to investigate as to why there are no jobs and you can get a job on that."

~

The class in natural history being asked to state the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy promptly gave this answer:

"A tree is covered with bark, while a dog seems to be lined with it."

~

"How's vacation, Johnnie ?"

"Bully ! Fell off a shed, most got drowned, tipped over a beehive, was hooked by a cow, Jim Spindels licked me twice, an' I got two stone bruises an' a stiff neck ?"

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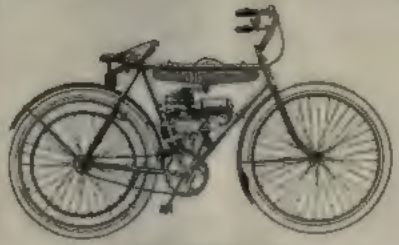

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MADE IN CANADA

VOL. XX.
NO. 2

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
JUNE

The Bilingual Issue in Canada

By Tom King

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Among our lawmakers and leading educators, the question of Bilingualism in our public schools, ranks with the problem of raising an army for the defense of the Empire. Most of us know that Bilingualism has to do with the teaching of the French as well as the English language, but few of us know of the intense feeling upon this subject in some quarters. Mr. Tom King, dean of the Press Gallery of the Dominion Parliament, here presents some authoritative facts in relation to this question which will be of moment to every mother and father interested in our school system.*

MANY languages may be and often are spoken by people living under the same flag. Only a small percentage of British subjects speak English, and possibly 10,000,000 American citizens know only the Spanish language. Even in small, compact countries like Belgium and Switzerland all the people do not speak the same tongue. The language question has only become acute in Europe through annexation of territory as in the case of Alsace-Lorraine or Poland. In the United States proper, English has become the universal language, not by legislation but by common consent. Immigrants from Continental Europe learned English perforce and not unwillingly. In English-speaking Canada it has been much the same as in the United States. There are families in Toronto where the father perhaps speaks English imperfectly and the mother not at all. Italian or some other language may be spoken in the home circle but the children all speak English fluently and it is a fair surmise that the grandchildren will speak English altogether and the foreign language not at all.

In the Province of Quebec, however, French and not English has always been spoken by the majority of the people.

No one objects to this, although it may have been anticipated that in time they would all speak English. Economic pressure it was thought would bring this about. There was a steady stream of emigration from Canada to the New England States, and in many Counties south of the St. Lawrence River English was spoken almost exclusively. As a sort of conversational sulphide we used to say that everybody ought to speak both languages. What we really had in the back of our heads was the idea that our good friends in Quebec would gradually come to speak English. It is, therefore, surprising to find the bilingual question more acute and more generally discussed today than it was say ten or even five years ago.

How are we to account for this?

IN THE first place, we must remember that the outflow of people from Quebec to New England has ceased and that thousands of French Canadians are coming back to Quebec from New England. The number of people who speak French in Canada is larger than it was some years ago. That is apparent from the fact that the "Eastern Townships" of Quebec once altogether English are now largely French. And there has been a steady flow of population from Quebec into Eastern Ontario. Prescott County is almost entirely French; Russell is about half and half. Those who speak French as their mother tongue are to be found in large numbers south of the River St. Lawrence and south of the Ottawa River as well.

When the French Canadians began to take up land in the English-speaking Protestant Counties of the Province of Quebec, the school question did not assert itself to any great extent. Speaking by and large the Protestant schools were English and the Catholic schools were French. The people agreed to disagree. The newcomers reared their children to be French-speaking Roman Catholics and the old settlers reared their children to be English-speaking Protestants. In Ontario, notably in the City of Ottawa, the situation was entirely different, because a considerable section of the population were unwilling to face the alternative of having their children reared as French-speaking

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S. M. Genest

These are the leaders of the French side in the legal battle now before the Imperial Privy Council to compel the Ontario Government to rescind the Regulation 17

Hon. N. A. Belcourt

Catholics or English-speaking Protestants. They desired them to be Catholics but they insisted upon their receiving a sound English education, and as a rule had no desire to have them taught French at all. The difficulty was perhaps accentuated by the long-standing feud between the Irish and French Catholics dating back to labor troubles in the forties. Hence for years there were bitter wrangles and controversies among the separate school supporters in the City of Ottawa. As the Capital grew in population, it became possible to have English Catholic schools and also French Catholic schools as well. But friction was not eliminated, as all the schools were under the one school board.

IN RURAL districts of Eastern Ontario, where one school house and one teacher had to do for all, the language difficulty could not be eliminated as in a large city, by giving English-speaking Catholics one school house and French-speaking Catholics another. As the migration from Quebec increased some municipal districts of Ontario became almost altogether French. The school established for that district was a French school and the few English-speaking Catholic families remaining suffered inconvenience if not injustice. Quite frequently they sold out and moved away.

The result was that French schools were established in many places. There were numerous attempts to regulate them and English instruction had been insisted upon more and more as time went by until the "French schools" became known as "English-French" or bilingual schools.

Regulation Fifteen of the Ontario Department of Education passed many years ago provided:—

"In school sections where the French or German language prevails, the trustees may, in addition to the Course of Study prescribed for public schools, require instruction to be given in Reading, Grammar and Composition to such pupils as are directed by their parents or guardians to study either of these languages, and in all such cases the authorized text books in French or German shall be used."

By 1910, in both Eastern and Western Ontario, there were many thousands of children attending the bilingual schools and yet the great majority of Ontario citizens took it for granted that every child in the Province was receiving a sound English education. Out of this impression they were rudely shocked by no less a person than Right Rev. Michael F. Fallon, Roman Catholic Bishop of London, Ont. In the fall of 1910 Biship Fallon declared that the bilingual schools in Western Ontario, especially in the County of Essex, were not giving the children who attended them an adequate education.

He believed that the effort to teach the children both languages resulted in their learning neither. He declared that the Ontario statutes and the regulations of the Ontario Department of Education in respect to these schools were not being observed, and he lamented that so many children, without any fault of their own, were starting the battle of life handicapped for the want of that education to which they were entitled, and doomed to be hewers of wood and drawers of water on that account. It will be recalled that His Lordship did not make any attack upon the French language or upon the bilingual school system if conducted in accordance with the laws and regulations of Ontario. He was dealing with conditions which he thought should be brought to the attention of the government. With that end in view he talked freely with Hon. W. J. Hanna, a member of the Ontario Government. Mr. Hanna reduced the conversation to writing and transmitted it to the Ontario Minister of Education and also to Sir James Whitney, then Prime Minister.

THAT confidential report of a confidential conversation was, through the misconduct of an employe, given the widest publicity and created a profound sensation. The contest then began which is still raging and the bilingual school of which few people had heard up to that time became and has since remained the storm centre of a violent controversy. At the next session of the Legislature, on the motion of Hon. Howard Ferguson, it was unanimously resolved:

"That the English language shall be the language of instruction and of all communications with the pupils in the public and separate schools of the Province except where in the opinion of the Department of Education it is impracticable by reason of pupils not understanding English."

A few months later the Government

appointed Dr. F. W. Merchant to visit, examine, inspect and report upon the conditions and efficiency of the bilingual schools. The task occupied him four months and his report to the minister was filed on February 24th, 1912. Its accuracy, I do not think, has ever been seriously questioned, and the general subject of bilingual education was apparently approached from a sympathetic standpoint. The report, however, disclosed that in a number of schools instruction in English was subordinated, if not neglected. If, therefore, the Government was to carry out the policy affirmed by the Legislature, some action was necessary. Therefore, in June, 1912, Hon. R. A. Pyne, Minister of Education, with the approval of the Government promulgated the now celebrated Regulation No. 17 which, among other things, provides:

"Where necessary in the case of French-speaking pupils, French may be used as the lanugage of instruction and communication; but such use of French shall not be continued beyond Form 1, excepting that on the approval of the Chief Inspector, it may also be used as the language of instruction and communication in the case of pupils beyond Form 1 who are unable to speak and understand the French language."

THE regulation was vigorously assailed as an effort to "proscribe" the French language. In some of the schools it was obeyed, in others evaded and in still others openly disregarded. The Government may have been at first inclined to temporize, feeling that some allowance should be made for a period of transition from the old system to the new, but by the summer of 1913 a violent controversy had arisen. The bilingual issue became sharply defined and aggressive.

Hon. Dr. R. A. Pyne
Ontario Minister of Education, who promulgated the famous regulation 17

Hon. Howard Ferguson, M.P.P.
Minister of Lands and Mines, Ontario

Ottawa was the storm center. The majority of the separate school board, under the leadership of Chairman Samuel M. Genest, openly refused to obey Regulation Seventeen, and they seem to have been warmly supported by the French-speaking citizens of the Capital. The principals and teachers in the French schools refused to carry out the regulation and when inspectors visited the schools, the children walked out in a body. When the contest between the English-speaking and the French-speaking Catholics increased in violence the majority of the board suddenly discharged a number of the English-speaking teachers and many schools were unable to open in September, 1913.

LITIGATION ensued, brought first by the French-speaking and then by the English-speaking supporters of the separate schools in Ottawa, with the tide of judicial decision flowing against the bilingualists. Finally, in 1915, the legislature of Ontario passed a statute affirming the validity of Regulation 17 and transferring the control of the separate schools in Ottawa from the trustees elected by the people to a commission appointed by the Government. Mr. Genest and many others petitioned the Dominion Government to disallow the Ontario Legislation, but without avail.

Continued on page 113.

Strange Oaths

By James Church Alvord

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

"DRINK!" commanded an unknown voice.

Rupert Hughes obeyed and, as the brandy gurgled down his throat, tingled at once with inrushing strength. His brain cleared; fogs lifted all over him; he sat up, though shakily, and opened his eyes. His ears still thrummed with the sound of battle, the pingping of bullets; though the battle itself roared far away on the horizon where the towers of Rheims Cathedral lifted out of the smudge of it. Then the supporting arm softly withdrew from beneath his head; he was too dazed even to wonder why.

At the crucial hours the outward aspect of nature photographs itself upon our brains, we see old things all new. It was so with Rupert. Below the little eminence on which he lay the familiar landscape drifted as ever, but ruined, tragic. He had fished across Champaigne, year in and out, tramped through it, learned it, loved it; he had loitered down that very avenue of endless lombardy poplars which led so straight across the plain beneath him on and on to the cathedral city. Very wonderful they had been, slim and towselled, lank maypoles crowned with tattered cabbages—now he saw but two long lines of stumps. The trees themselves littered the highway on either side, hacked by unskilful soldiers or mowed by the swish of the artillery; while over all the land he had known merely in its summer brightness lay the sloshy snow, dribbled with meltings, splashed with mud and blood. He stirred and called gropingly.

"Vincent," he murmured, "Vincent!"

"You have spoke because you somethings like would?" It was the voice which had bidden him drink. A hand was laid softly on his head.

Rupert Hughes turned and found behind him a gray-clad German, stooping compassionately over him—an officer—a lieutenant—a youngster of his own age.

"Vincent—I—I—I must find Vincent—I promised his mother that I—that I'd bring him safe from—from the war—I—I—must find Vincent."

"Behold there so many are! How shall we one among so many discover?" Rupert tumbled to his feet, the German flinging an arm about him as he came, and gazed wildly around. He lifted a hand to his buzzing head; the head was bandaged and, when he took it back, the hand was smeared with blood. He felt giddy. He could not think clearly with that bitter throbbing across his temples, the bitten landscape still obsessed him.

"He was right here—right beside me—my brother——"

"He may have on with the battle gone." The tone was very kind and the blond young officer leaned nearer, his blue eyes gleaming, his straw-colored little moustaches quivering with emotion until their trivial attempts to imitate the bellicose horns on the lips of the Emperor became absurd. "What does he look like, the brother—perhaps—" He smiled assuringly.

"He's my brother—my half-brother—and he looks like his mother, dark, Italian, handsome. He isn't one bit like me. Oh, my God—"

RUPERT threw himself down on his knees beside a boy who lay in the pell-mell of the dead, he dragged the lad towards him with sudden terror, ripping off his clothes, listening at his heart. The German dumped beside him in the slush and drooped his ear over that heart-beat. For a moment the two knelt there side by side, the great, gawky, big-featured Englishman and the girlishly German, panting over the insensate body of the lad.

"He lives," triumphed the German.

"He lives but he is badly wounded," mourned the Englishman.

As they worked, silently, rapidly, the dead arose. Groans stuttered out from the heaps of the slain; men lifted themselves and then tumbled back again; here and there some man began to aid those about him. In the far distance ambulances, nurses, groups of gray-clad soldiers, flitted ghost-like over the plain. Presently all drifted onward towards the far cry of the battle.

"You have driven our men back," the Englishman spoke grimly.

"We have—it is too bad, not so?" the German spoke consolingly.

Then both returned to their labor over the boy who babbled incoherently. Once he cried "Mother," then laughed childishly. At that the face of the Englishman grew bleak. The German used every simple remedy his knapsack held.

"I too am of the wounded," he explained, "then I awoke and found you—oh, so near! I have in London lived. I hate not the English. I must fight yet for the Fatherland, not so?" He bent again to his rubbing.

"If I could get Vincent to a doctor—to our doctor—"

"But you are one prisoner, not so? I am so sorry; that you one prisoner are and your brother, he also one prisoner is. I cannot let you go—ah, you must understand that I so sorry am, not so? I hate not the English."

"He must have a surgeon."

"And I also and you also, we must the Mr. Doctor have, not so? Ach, I will to the encampment go and I will return, not so? Shall I a soldier call or shall I your parole take? I can trust you—you are

As they worked, silently, rapidly, the dead arose. Groans stuttered out from the heaps of the slain; men lifted themselves and then tumbled back again; here and there some men began to aid others.

one gentlemans." He lifted his candid eyes, the color of old-blue-Canton, to the Englishman's face and smiled. "It is not bad the captivity. You will eat of the rations of which we eat, the officers. It is not good but it is not bad. I can trust you, not so?"

"I am a Canadian of English parentage," said the other solemnly, "an Englishman keeps his word and a Canadian never breaks his—you can trust me. I give you my promise to stay here until you return." Rupert looked up and smiled too, for he liked the fresh-faced Prussian. "Besides all that, I can't escape if I try. Your soldiers are on all sides of me."

THE German laughed delightedly, then blushed furiously. He stooped suddenly and kissed young Hughes, first on either cheek, then upon the lips. Rupert flushed scarlet in his turn but did not resent the kiss: his heart warmed even more towards his captor and he watched him limp across the fields towards the trenches far away. It would be hours before he could return. The battle had rushed upwards along the hills which stretch between Rheims and Epernay, the noise of it blurted through the world. He stooped back to his half-brother with a weary sigh.

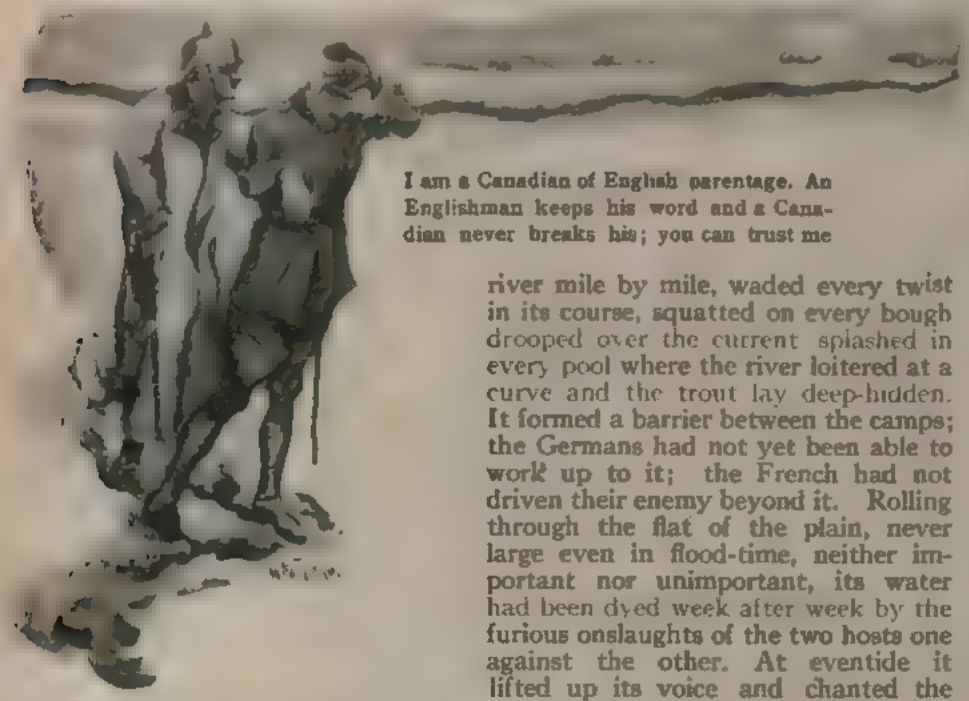
The boy was badly wounded. An exploding shell had cut him cruelly across the chest and the blood still oozed in a purple stream through the torn flesh — what would Vincent's mother say? Rupert's own mother had died the day he was born and this warm-hearted Italian, with her soft voice and softer ways, had filled the place completely. She had been too conscientious in her step-motherhood, had sacrificed her own lad again and again to his older brother's pleasures, had poured herself out on both unstintingly. Then in her widowhood both had enlisted for their father's fatherland; but the older had been the enthusiast, had swept his brother into the current of the enlisting. At the last hour, as she turned the corner of the gang-plank, the Italian had rushed back to Rupert with that passionate mother-cry, "O, bring him back to me! bring him back to me! I cannot live without him;" and Rupert, moved by the madness of the moment, had promised.

RUPERT lifted the boy's head to his breast and the great sad Neapolitan eyes unsealed—they were her eyes. He stroked softly the golden pallor of the cheeks—her tint, thrust his hands through the black thick curls—her curls. He loved the lad's mother as he loved nobody else on earth and next to her he loved the lad. They were Neapolitans. Neapolitans are creatures of the sunshine and the outer air. They die in cages. They must have freedom. Vincent must go home to Halifax, next the purple sea. Rupert drew his brother close with a passionate hug; the youngster opened

his eyes again and again he murmured "Mother."

The older brother forgot everything, his oath, his honor, his own danger, everything but the one overwhelming thought—Vincent must go home.

The day died. Flame from the cannon's mouth had set the sky on fire



I am a Canadian of English parentage. An Englishman keeps his word and a Canadian never breaks his; you can trust me

until it blazed with that grisly scarlet known only to battle-fields; the undulating hills behind him seemed sprinkled with blood as the snow took the color of the sunset down into its very heart and turned to one vast sheet of gore, tremulous under the quivering light, throbbing, surging in waves down to the river and the sea. The tint was gorgeous, vivid, horrible. The river was but a few rods away. The Western bank cast a shadow over the water, which cut its way through that scarlet splendor like a line of ink drawn by a child's wabbling finger-tip right across the landscape. Wabbling as it was its shallow stream ran straight towards Epernay, Epernay with her great French garrison and her sprinkle of English soldiery. But it was useless to think of the river—he couldn't swim that far unencumbered—with the burden of his brother the attempt would be a mere fantasy—he——something caught his tense attention. A shadowy form swept out upon the current, deepened by the melting snow and now fairly bawling its monotone underneath the far-heard yell of war; in a moment the dim sketch of a form fled back again to its covert of rushes and tall sedge-grasses. The young soldier watched intently, his breath gasping as he gazed. After a moment again the long, slim length floated out from beneath the fringe of bedraggled willows, bobbed freely upon the current, then sneaked into hiding with a jump. It was a boat.

WAITING in the fading sunset Rupert watched the oscillations of that boat. He had discovered his escape. He had known the place from childhood, had fished down the shallow river mile by mile, waded every twist in its course, squatted on every bough drooped over the current splashed in every pool where the river loitered at a curve and the trout lay deep-hidden. It formed a barrier between the camps; the Germans had not yet been able to work up to it; the French had not driven their enemy beyond it. Rolling through the flat of the plain, never large even in flood-time, neither important nor unimportant, its water had been dyed week after week by the furious onslaughts of the two hosts one against the other. At eventide it lifted up its voice and chanted the song of the dead. It formed a perfect path for his escape and the boat a perfect vehicle.

There was only one thing to do now—wait.

HE began to busy himself here and there about the wounded, propping Vincent's head with a heap of coats, making him comfortable on outstretched blankets. The dead were of many nations, the few wounded were French; for the allies had been successful at the first moment of their charge and then been driven, wading waist-deep, as they backed across the river, the Germans following in their wake. As he passed among the living he aided with the supplies he took from German knapsacks, staunching blood, pouring water down parched throats, pulling the wounded from beneath the killed. One young Parisian sat up and began to chatter; he was badly slashed in the arm but assisted Rupert to draw the bandage tighter. Finally the hemorrhage stopped.

The glare dimmed — ceased — the night came on. Rupert stooped to his unconscious brother. Vincent was tall and heavy with big bones and muscles; yet with both arms under his shoulders Rupert started for the river, staggering as he went.

"Hy, there!" called the Frenchman," you told me you were paroled. What are you doing?"

"I will keep my parole—don't fret!"

"But we must show these Dutchmen ——"

"I am caring for my brother—I must—I must. And you—you will keep my secret?"

"I'm not scouting for the Germans," the Parisian half-rose then slipped down with a groan," and I'm not squealing on my pals. Good luck and goodbye!"

Rupert nodded at him over a shoulder "Of two duties choose the biggest. This is the biggest; but I shan't forget my parole. Good bye," he called, then floundered with his burden across the snow.

IT was a peasant's boat, rudely-built, square-cornered, loaded down with straw. Tethered to a stake on the bank it flopped back and forth on the smash of the roaring water; but crept easily to the bank when once the runaway had laid a hand upon the rope. Lifting his brother in, Rupert jumped after him, then chipped the cord with one slash of his knife. Turning he caught sight of a group of lights blinking down the field from the direction of the German trenches, his young lieutenant was returning with a surgeon and an ambulance. He pulled the straw here and there to make a hiding-hole for Vincent and crept in beside him just as the current, catching the boat, flung it out into the middle of the stream. Hidden from sight beneath the straw he lifted a prayer to God as he felt the clumsy craft creep onward toward far Epernay.

For fifteen minutes it bounced along, floating freely for a while, bumping into this bank and then into that twisting sidewise, wabbling while the waves slid under it with a ceaseless see-saw. Once it struck a snag of roots and hung there—teetering—teetering—while the frantic boy inside reached out a hand after the obstruction. He dared not reach far for fear of being seen; masquerading as a drifting load of straw, he must keep in character. The water was bitter cold. Scrunching, squealing, slithering, by degrees the boat slipped from its anchorage to plunge once more into the flash of the tide.

Ten minutes more and it boggled into a well-known pool where the fish snooze, fat and sleepy, all the plenteous summertime. Here the boat started a new waltz, swinging in gay circles round and round, refusing to leave the pool. A voice grunted from the bank.

"Say, Ulrich, here's a load of straw. 'Twouldn't lie bad under a fellow o' nights. What do you say to jumping in after it?"

"It's too beastly cold—then th' Major'd say things," the voices called

Continued on page 119.

Some Letters of a V. A. D.

Being letters written by Angela Crawford of the Voluntary Aid Detachment to her friend Gladys Winston

By Mona Cleaver

Illustrated by Norman Hall

Steamer Orion,
April, 29th.

DEAREST GLAD—I know you will want to hear something about my journey over so will try to get this ready to post when I reach Liverpool. The trip has been very uneventful, so far, though of course one wonders a good deal about one's fellow-passengers and why they travel at such a time and if no steamer gossip reveals the information one makes up stories to fit the faces.

There is, of course, the usual pseudo—adventuress with tinted hair and pink cheeks, whose mysteries are doubly mysterious in war time. I overheard her telling my neighbor on deck what a wonderful husband she has.

"Why," she declared, "He has a certificate for teaching school in Canada and if you can teach school in Canada you can do anything or go anywhere."

It sounded so simple and easy that I almost wondered if my Kindergarten diploma wouldn't have been better than a passport and a million letters of introduction such as I am lugging about with me.

The real adventuress looks so meek that one seldom discovers her and her vigorious schemes until the last day out but I think I have my eye on the lady already. She's just too downcast of eye and unobtrusive of dress to be possible.

As for the other people, there are a number of competent looking women going over to nurse, a couple of wealthy and not very useful-looking Americans with the same end in view, some young men wanting to enlist, each in some particular branch of the service, a family of English musicians returning from an American season, a young Irishman who boasts of having been blown up on an English ship in the Black Sea and afterwards arrested as a spy in Constantinople, a nice boy from Idaho who wants to drive a motor ambulance at the front, and write stories about it for his home paper.

Then there are two Spaniards who can't—"or pretend that they can't" my neighbor and I whisper suspiciously,—speak a word of English, a tiny chap who is going over, the ship's gossips say to ride in the Derby, some business men, some Canadian wives, and even children, going to join husbands and fathers in England.

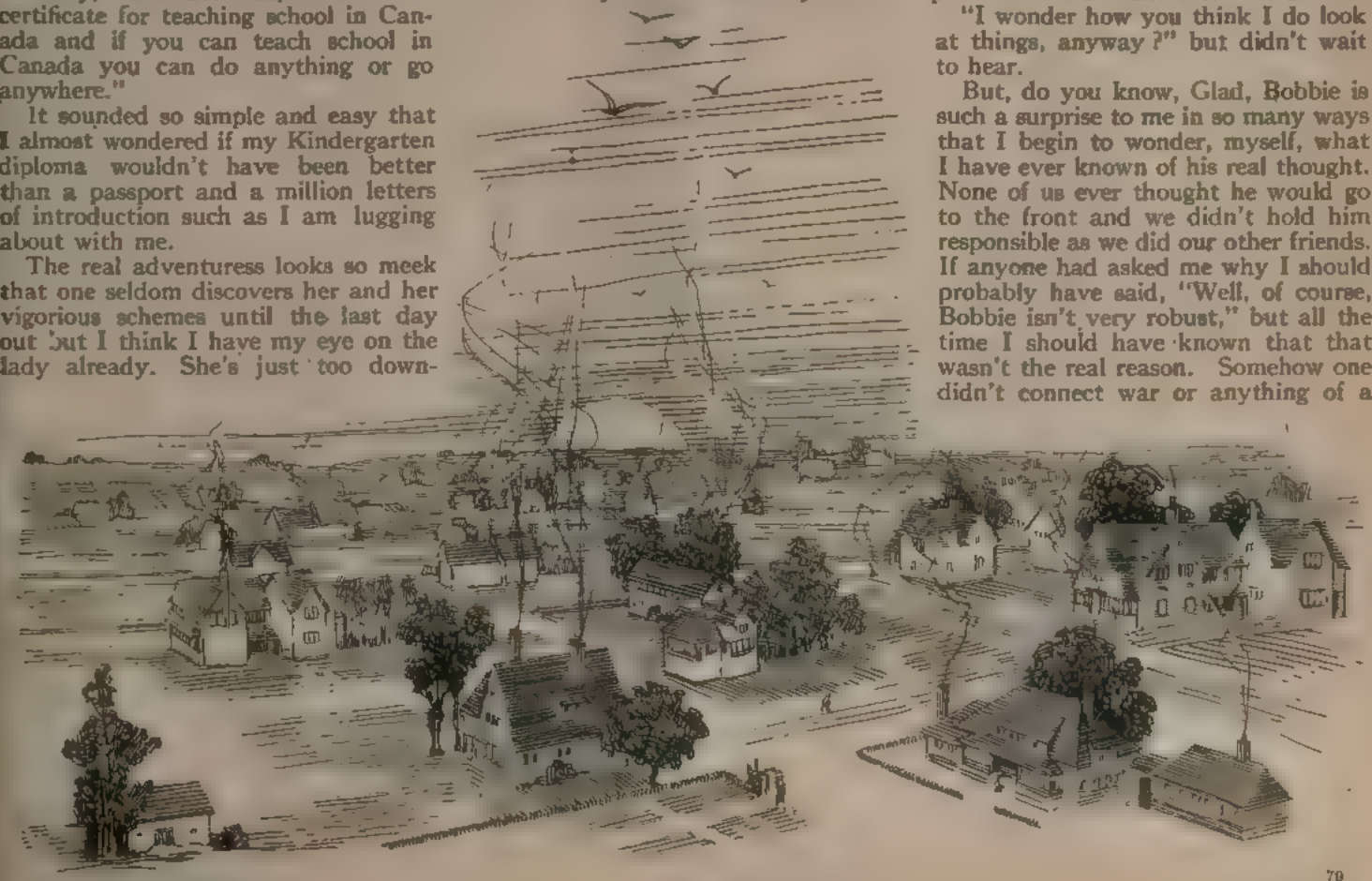
I don't think there is anything more to tell you now. Perhaps I shall have time to drop you a line from London before I get settled in a hospital.

Best love,
ANGELA.

P.S.—My dear, how did you know about Bobbie? Yes, you were quite right but I was utterly surprised and of course, I said "No." I said we didn't look at things in the same way at all and that I'd make him no happier than he'd make me. He said:

"I wonder how you think I do look at things, anyway?" but didn't wait to hear.

But, do you know, Glad, Bobbie is such a surprise to me in so many ways that I begin to wonder, myself, what I have ever known of his real thought. None of us ever thought he would go to the front and we didn't hold him responsible as we did our other friends. If anyone had asked me why I should probably have said, "Well, of course, Bobbie isn't very robust," but all the time I should have known that that wasn't the real reason. Somehow one didn't connect war or anything of a



serious nature with Bobbie. He seemed just to fit his pretty studio and I couldn't have pictured him otherwise than wearing his flowing tie, shell rimmed glasses with the broad black ribbon and his hair the merest trifle longer than anybody else's. He was always tremendously good fun and I must say he laid himself out with the utmost unselfishness to see that other people had a good time, everywhere, but I often wondered to myself if he even thought seriously about anything.

So, when he told me he was going to join the Aviation Corps I simply gazed at him for a minute or two and then said,

"Whatever do you know about aviation?"

"I went up several times," he answered, rather huffily, for him, "when I was in California last winter. Of course, the machines here are different but I guess I can find out about them."

When I heard only a couple of weeks later, that he had responded to that call from England for "experienced aviators," I thought he was mad and when he came to say good-bye the sight of him in his trim khaki made me feel as though I had never known him before. Gone were the flowing tie and the eye-glass, ribbon and his hair was closely cropped. He looked bigger and broader than I had ever seen him and the set of his shoulders were resolute. Really, Glad, I felt myself becoming positively proud of him and rather ashamed of myself.

And side by side with the feeling that Bobbie would never go to war had flourished the much more deeply rooted feeling that he would never get married. He was so devoted to his mother and then—oh, well, Bobbie liked all the girls so well. None of us ever took his overflowing friendliness for anything more serious and we all pictured him, I am sure, when he should get on to his fifties, as being a happy old beau playing about with our daughters and continuing to make life a bit smoother and a bit merrier for every one with whom he might come in contact.

But Bobbie in khaki had an altogether new and unaccustomed quality. I gazed at him soberly and tried to talk in the same old unconcerned way but fell silent and when he seemed to notice the gaze and the silence, Glad, I actually blushed. Can you imagine Bobbie watching anybody blush?

What a postscript! Now I really must run along. . . . A.

London, May 3rd.

My Dear Glad—The last couple of days at sea were full of the interest of watching for submarines. I never took to watching all night, in fact I might have slept quite peaceably had not my cabin been on a corner of two passages, one leading to the smoke room and the other crossing the ship from deck to deck. I could hear the murmur of men's voices as they went to and fro from the smoke room and as they hung over the railing and, I suppose, watched the sparkle of the phosphorus as we drove through the black water.

When I went to bed I put my big wooly coat where I couldn't miss it if I were aroused suddenly. If one should have to spend many hours in a life boat it would be a comfort, I thought. In one capacious pocket I put my little pig skin jewel case and in the other my money bag, then I felt as ready as I could be for any emergency and content to go to sleep, if there had only been less noise.

Before we docked my deck companion, one of the English musicians, had come to my opinion about the Real Adventuress and when murmurs were heard of a passenger who occupied a room near the Marconi room and was found to have a dictograph the girl was sure she must be implicated too.

The dictograph turned out to be the typewriter of the boy from Idaho who was sending back "copy" for his paper.

The Mersey was lonely that day—blue—green and smilingly mysterious with gulls winging across its surface.

When we came to the dock we were all haled into the dining-saloon to show our credentials. The two American would-be nurses were kept on tenterhooks for hours after having stated complacently that they were going "to the front," and the whole process of examining passports was delayed.

One or two Canadian officers who had come to meet their wives were allowed on board and the word was whispered round that the husband of one little woman had been killed in action while she was on the ocean. It seemed as though nobody would tell her and as she atrained her eager eyes towards the khaki coats on the dock her fellow passengers looked and looked away and some eyes were wet with a sympathy she did not guess.

We landed at a great cargo dock because the Prince's landing stage was being used to disembark troops. After a long struggle with luggage and customs big railway buses took us through dingy streets between big walls of masonry to the train, which, after an endless wait in the dim station pulled out into the refreshment of the English country, cool yellow, green under the burning copper disc of the setting sun. War seemed unbelievable out there, and even more so in the towns we hurried through, where, from thousands of tiny houses with their squares of green and their neat box hedges, rose a motley array of chimney pots all smoking cheerily after the evening meal.

But when it grew dark our attention was called to a sign asking us to pull down the window shades. There was also a long shade for the door opening into the corridor. The air was chilly, the light was dim, we were travelling darkly to escape the notice of Zeppelins and war seemed much closer and more real.

A pleasant hotel, a chintz bedroom, a hot drink and a warm bed have wondrous power to revive drooping spirits, however, and I found all of these awaiting me.

You'll doubtless hear from me again soon and I shall certainly let you know when I am settled in my hospital. The changed aspect of many things here—and the even more astonishing accustomedness of others—is wonderfully thrilling and keeps eyes and brain leaping but I am longing to get to work and to feel that I have a part, however small, in such tremendous doings.

Lovingly,
ANGELA.

Red Hart Hotel,
Highfield, May 7th.

My dear—This is the loveliest country and this the most irrestible vine-clad inn you ever, ever saw. And it is full of old mahogany and pewter and brass that would make you ache with envy.

My few days in London were full of interest. Just to ride on the 'buses and look at the recruiting posters and gaze down at the sprinkling of khaki everywhere—not failing to search eagerly for our own Canadian khaki and to swell with pride over the fineness of our men—was thrilling at a time like this.

I suppose you remember Cyril Fenwick. Imagine having a name like that! I don't believe he is an atom oppressed by it, either, and that isn't the worst of it—it's Cyril Montgomery Fenwick. If one of my brothers had been cursed with such a name I'm sure he'd have died of mortification in the school room. But Englishmen somehow, are able to rise above such trifles and to be apparently even unconscious of them. Anyway what I started out to say was that Cyril had been very nice to me, showing me the things he knew I would be interested in and we even went to the theatre. Coming out under the ghastly blue lights of the exit he asked me,

"Have you seen Piccadilly Circus in war time?"

"No," I answered.

He nodded towards one particular

section of the prevailing gloom and said,

"That's it—that dark thing over there that you can't see."

I came down from London on what they call here "the tea train." That means that the train has a coach devoted to the serving of afternoon tea at six-pence each. Think of it! What would our hard-headed business men at home think of devoting a car to afternoon tea and then naming the train after it?

But I did enjoy my tea and the country through which we passed was ravishingly lovely. The sunlight, even in the late afternoon, was still pale gold with springtime and it fell on undulating stretches of yellow-green meadow with yellow patches of cowslips and buttercups. It fell on planted fields of silver green and on other fields still purple from the plough, on clumps of trees that cast long shadows and on little thatched cottages.

Here and there willow trees that had had their tops levelled off burst skyward in a green flutter of remonstrance, stretching out a myriad tender twigs tipped with delicate green. The elms, with their summer garb still incomplete showed black birds in sharp contrast with the new green shoots. The poplars breathed incense up to heaven in slender flames of verdant yellow.

And each village and little town was a new delight with its winding lanes, tree-shaded streets and slender church spires.

Orchards everywhere were all abloom with pink and white blossoms and we passed two florists' places where long gorgeous strips of tulips, hyacinths and gilly flowers spread color and fragrance.

A tiny tot in the same compartment was evidently just learning to count and after having counted everything from the buttons on her mother's coat to the tacks in the upholstery she turned her attention outward, spied the flowers, and with a gasp of astonishment cried,

"Oh-h-h! one, two, five, seven, nine, *tin* flowers!" "tin" being evidently the limit of all numbers to her baby mind.

Towards the end of the journey much of the country was devoted to hops which clung to their slender stakes ripening for the kilns whose pointed roofs clustered picturesquely among the trees. And soon the scene was filled with a new significance by the presence of soldiers—groups of them by the railway, barracks full of them on the hill-tops and marching columns of them in the roads while drifts of white tents, like gigantic daisies flecked the green hillsides everywhere.

I thought it best to come down here and present myself and my credentials in person to the medical officer in charge of the King's Canadian Hospital. The result is that I am to take the place of a V. A. D. who is leaving to-morrow and I am staying in this lovely inn while I wait.

And who do you think I have been tramping the country lanes with this afternoon, ending up for tea at an even quainter hostelry than this? Who but Bobbie. He has a test to pass before he is adjudged that "experienced aviator" he claimed to be and to-morrow has to go up in a machine quite different from any he has ever seen before and to come back to earth at a given spot. If he can do that he will be sent to France. But how can he do it, Glad, when he knows practically nothing about aviation? I'm sure something dreadful will happen to him but he seems amazingly unconcerned.

"The 'planes I went up in at home were quite different from the Californian ones," he said, "but I soon got onto them so I guess I'll manage this kind."

Now I must go to sleep and be fresh for my new duties to-morrow.

Yours as ever, ANGELA.

It was plunging earthward like some wounded creature.

King's Canadian Hospital,
Highfield Park,
May 9th.

My dear—Here I am securely installed as a V. A. D., I know my installation is secure for I can brush

Continued on page 113.

In Old Cape Town

A Travelogue to the capital city of United South Africa, giving a close view of the people who have followed the British flag to this new country and something of how they live

By J. Wilbur Reid

Illustrated from Photographs

UNDER the shade of Table Mountain the East and the West meet and dwell in harmony, while beside them the natives and the bastard race of the Dark Continent assimilate the vices of two different civilizations and suffer as the result. When the Dutch East Indies Company established a port of call and supply station here the witch doctor of the Bushman practiced his arts. To-day Christ and Mohammed compete on an equal footing for supremacy. On one side of the street the caucasian worships the Gallilean, while on the other the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. For the follower of Christ the law says one wife must suffice, but to the Faithful it allows as many as he chooses to acquire. In the background stands the Bushman, taking one or more as he pleases, as the white man often does, it must be confessed, although he does it without the law's sanction or official stamp. In the forefront stands the Cape Boy. This is the bastard race that is the result of the early Dutch settlers having taken Bushwomen for wives. They are nominally Christians, but the assortment of vices they possess can hardly be excelled by any race on earth for variety.

Viewed from the deck of an ocean liner entering Table Bay the scene is one never to be forgotten, and no matter how often one travels between the Cape and England it never becomes commonplace. In the foreground lies Table Mountain, on which nature lays a cloth of clouds, four thousand feet above sea level. On the left is the Devil's Peak, slightly higher than the Table. To the right is the Lion's Head, so called because of its resemblance to the head of a recumbent lion. Beyond, following the coast line, is the mountain range known as The Twelve Apostles, rearing its serated peaks sky-

ward to a height of three or four thousand feet. Never could I see anything apostolic about this range. To my mind it appears to be nature's saw, discarded after the work of creation was finished and now badly in need of filing. Africa has been justly termed "The land of flowers without perfume and birds without song." To me it has always seemed that the creator did his first day's work in Africa, the result being an amateur's product, or on the other hand he finished his job there, using the material he had left over after having completed the balance of the world. He was short of some of the necessary requisites and he was also weary, so he threw the remainder together roughly, the result being a land unlike any other upon the face of the earth, but one to which people from all over the world—people of all races and nationalities always return, although they usually curse it up hill and down dale while they reside there.

Groote Schoor, the late home of South Africa's greatest man, Cecil Rhodes, now a National Museum in which are many valuable collections

Cape Town is the legislative capital of United South Africa, which came into existence in 1910 when the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, Natal and Cape Colony, the mother of the brood, were federated under one government, the administrative capital being located at Pretoria, the seat of government of the erstwhile South African Republic. Parliament sits in the House of Parliament, where the laws of Cape Colony were made before the former republics came into existence. At the Cape all males of twenty-one years of age, irrespective of color or race, possess the franchise, provided they occupy property worth twenty-five pounds sterling, or have a yearly income of fifty pounds. In the other states only the white man is allowed to vote, and in none of them is woman given the ballot.

Cape Town is the principal port of South Africa and also the oldest. Since the war its shipping has fallen off to some extent as the result of competition by Port Elizabeth, Durban and Lourenco Marquez, the latter being the port nature intended for the Transvaal, lying closer to it than any of the others. Over it flies the flag of Portugal, hence it is handicapped to a great extent in its dealings with the land that leads the world in the production of gold.

Facilities for handling the largest steamers afloat are provided in the harbor of Cape Town, where the dockage can accommodate many of them. Since the war an immense dry dock, the work of convicts, has been completed. It will cradle any of the vessels calling at the Cape and needing repairs.

Under the Southern Cross, at the base of Table Mountain, in the oldest city founded by the white man south of the equator, the Dutch and British have dwelt in harmony for years. They have intermarried, but the racial characteristics of the two people have not been obliterated, and will continue to exist for many years to come, although it would seem that ultimately a new race must be the outcome of the fusion of the two. But it may be that the Dutchman will always be a Dutchman at the Cape, as the Irishman always remains an Irishman in the States, irrespective of the number of generations born there. Across the line a new race has been developed by the fusion of the Hollander and the Britisher, the American being the result, hence it may be that United South Africa will eventually produce a new people possessed of characteristics all their own.

In the new U. S. A. the Church of England is the state church. The Cathedral lies at the top of Adderly Street, and not far away is the old Dutch Reformed Church, where the Dutch continue to worship as they did before the Union Jack was hoisted. This is the Westminster Abbey of South Africa, where some of the old Dutch governors lie buried.

Adderly Street is the Strand and Fifth Avenue of Cape Town. Here are located the big retail stores, the banks and business houses of the Cape. An electric street car line traverses the street where men and women of wealth rub elbows with the Cape Boy and the Malay. The women are as well dressed as those of old England, as also are the men, and both sexes are as punctilious about dressing for dinner as in the home land. In the afternoon the tea rooms are well patronized, many of them being located on balconies overlooking the street. Automobiles and motorcycles are as numerous as in this part of the world, and while the most of them are of English or French manufacture it must be confessed that the celebrated "Tin Lizzie" is more numerous than any other make.

Loop Street is the cheap street, or rather the street of the cheap stores of the town. Here Jew and gentile compete for the trade of the working man, his wife and children. Although practically all manufactured goods are imported, living is as cheap at the Cape as it is here, and many commodities can be purchased at prices that compare favorably with ours, in spite of the fact that they have been transported thousands of miles across the sea. This applies to the necessities of life, however, the luxuries being more expensive than in the land of their origin.

Market day on The Parade brings out the Jewish dealers who auction off all kinds of commodities. Here congregate all classes except the best. Black, white and brown, they bid for stuff that often is not worth carrying away. Unheard of prices are frequently secured for goods of this kind, but on the other hand real bargains are often obtainable when articles of considerable value are sold for little money. But here, as everywhere else the buyer usually pays full value for all he obtains. Live stock is sold on the lower end of the Parade and here the horse dealer puts the equine through his paces, a Cape Boy showing his action while the auctioneer conducts the sale.

On The Parade the Cape Volunteers are drilled. They are as fine a body of men as can be found in any part of

the Empire. During the Boer war they did their part, as also during the rebellion under DeWett and the invasion of German West Africa. They are now taking orders from General Smutz in German East Africa, which soon will be a part of the Empire.

In Cape Colony the colored man is allowed to use liquor; this is denied him in the other states of the Union. A Cape Town bar is really three in one, as there is a separate room in those of the better class for the Cape Boy and Malay, another for the working man and another for the business man. In many of them there is also a private room where a man can take his wife or sweetheart for a "nip." As in England, so also in South Africa, a barmaid dispenses liquor, mixing it with her smiles and merry badinage.

Much wine is produced at the Cape. It can be found in practically every home, and in many of them Cape "Dop" is also a familiar sight. But the cheaper dop, as Cape brandy is termed, is not the healthiest drink in the world, although it must be confessed that it is most effective, for one can become intoxicated on very little of it. On the other hand the best dop is probably the equal of any brandy in the world.

At the top of Adderly Street lie the Gardens and in them is the Museum. Either would be a credit to any city, for they are well stocked and well cared for. Above the Gardens lies that part of the city known as The Gardens, where may be found the homes of many of the better class.

At Salt River, three miles from the station, on the road to the Transvaal, the railway shops are located. The government owns and operates the railway, and it must be confessed there is room for improvement, as freight rates are high and the service is not equal to that obtainable here. It must be remembered, though, that the country is sparsely populated, while the "feeders" to the line are few and far apart.

Cape Town has its theatres and amusements, and is not confined to the exploitation of local talent, for the world's great dramatic and musical artists may be seen here at intervals.

Here, as in whatever part of the world he may inhabit, the Briton is a true sportsman. Cricket, foot-ball, tennis and horse racing all have their devotees, many of whom are far from being second raters. There are enough "Yanks" to make base ball familiar, but this is better known at Johannesburg than at the Cape.

On Boxing Day the Cape Boy indulges in a riot of sport. Dressed in grotesque and fancy costumes he parades in companies, singing and playing musical instruments. The rivalry between different organizations is keen and some excellent displays are made, this being true of both costumes and music.

Two years ago the new Municipal Pier at the foot of Adderly Street was completed, as also the embankment along the water front. Here amusements and refreshments are provided for the idler and both are a credit to the city. The statue of Van Riebeeck, the Dutch Governor who founded Cape Town in 1652, which formerly stood at the foot of Adderly Street has been moved to the entrance to the pier over which it stands guard, facing the city.

But wherever one goes in Cape Town, or its suburbs the Malay is present. It was under the Dutch government that the first of this race arrived, and to-day their descendants are numerous, but strange as it may seem they have not scattered throughout the country. Cape Town is their home and there they remain. They are the fishermen of the Cape and also the fish peddlers. Riding through the streets in a little cart drawn by a donkey, accompanied by a boy who blows a horn to advise the people that the fish monger is coming, the Malay sells his fish. The housewife stops the cart and secures such as suit her fancy, and she has several kinds to choose from, for the sea is kind to the Africander.

The Malay is also a peddler of fruit and vegetables, but he stands out preeminently as a mattress maker, using coir, the fiber of the cocoa-nut, for the stuffing. Old mattresses are re-made at intervals, the coir which becomes matted by use, being beaten apart, thereby eliminating the dust which accumulates from usage.

When clothed in native costume the Malay of either sex is a picturesque individual, but it must be confessed that he is none too cleanly about his person or in his habits. He is a worshipper of Mohammed and faithfully answers the call to prayer, turning his face towards Mecca while practicing his devotions. He is a polygamist, often having several wives which the law allows to the follower of the Prophet, irrespective of his race or origin. There is no danger of race suicide among the Malays, for their children are numerous. The women are great lovers of color and know how to combine different hues to achieve the best effects in their clothes. They are inordinately fond of jewelry, and like the native of India have a habit of turning their surplus wealth into gold which they make up into bracelets, anklets, rings and ear-rings. One of the suburbs contains a college, maintained by Malays, where their professors instill learning of their own manufacture into the minds of the young. Around it lies a cemetery where generations of Malays await Mohammed's call to rise from the grave and live again.

Rondebosch is the Mecca of all visitors to Cape Town. It lies seven miles from the station, but is a part of the municipality, and is well within the city limits. Groote Schoor, the home of South Africa's greatest man, Cecil Rhodes, is located there. Since his death it has been administered by the government, it having been left to the country by Rhodes. It is now what might well be termed a national museum, the house containing a varied and valuable collection of relics of the

Continued on page 106.

The South Africans have been quick to recognize the great work of Cecil Rhodes in their behalf and have erected a great memorial to one of Britain's greatest men

Confessions of a Winged Ant

By Helen E. Williams

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

IT all started from my having what Louis calls a *furor scribendi*. At least I have it part of the time. It comes and goes, like the craving for chocolates, or the red circle in that play being screened. But when it comes—well, the only way to make you understand how serious it is, is to go back to the beginning, and then you will see why the family is so relieved that it has turned out as it has, or rather that Marmaduke Reford turned up when he did.

The very beginning, I suppose, dates back to that winter I got pneumonia pretending we were church-yard poor. When mamma discovered me the bed clothes were off, the window up, and I was chattering in an old nightie I had resurrected from the rag-bag: "Drawing her scanty shawl more closely around her slender shoulders, Lucinda went *shivering* down the street."

I remember, a few years later, earnestly telling my beloved paper dolls that though, as a concession to the whims of my elders, I must go away to school daytimes, every night as long as I lived I would return to them. When I weeded the big strawberry bed, or picked currants, or went raspberrying, I summoned my dream people to keep me company, But it was only when my eyes refused to focus on school books—Louis said that they seemed to focus on story books O. K.—and I left school, when I began to write. It changed everything—and *me*..

"Sometimes I wonder, Eleanor, if you are quite right in your head," Mamma said once. And another time she admonished me that "When God wishes to destroy an ant, he gives it wings."

I told her I was only obeying Robert Hichens' behest. "At the beginning of your career learn to range freely over life." But she retorted that it would have been as well if Hichens had not "ranged" so "freely." So you see that sweet and dear as Mamma is, she doesn't understand the artistic temperament. And as Zola says "Realism consists of the facts of life seen through a temperament," it's my duty to cultivate facts.

All this preamble is merely to show you why I did some of the things I did, and suffered the discomforts of a winged ant with such fortitude. Hadn't Robert Hichens said to study your sensations, to analyze pain and humiliation, to be an opportunist, anything, everything but tame? I wasn't tame, but there were times when—well, the night my Rayo lamp set fire to the lace curtains in my room will illustrate what I mean.

I watched the flames crinkling upward before I screamed "Fire!"

I had got in about twelve from a corn roast at the club house, and really the beginning *was* accidental. But I watched the flames crinkling upward longer than I needed before I grabbed the comforter and screamed "Fire!" And something in me stood apart and watched, as I flew over to the neighbors. When I got back Mamma was just coming in with another pitcher of water, Papa was limping through the drenched debris of my overturned desk, in his pyjamas, and Louis, his white ducks spattered and smudged, surveying the scene of devastation with a humorous eye.

"Where were you all the time, Eleanor?"

Before I could answer Mamma, through the window came a far-off cry: Fire....Fire....*Fire*!

"Eleanor, you surely didn't give the fire alarm?"

Louis broke into a laugh, and slapped his knee.

"Trust Nell for making a bally scene of it!"

"Louis do go and stop them. They will be bringing the reels here!"

"You bet they will! There's the whistle now." And Louis plunged downstairs.

"How did you manage to accomplish all this?" Papa wanted to know, irritably.

"It just—caught. Did you burn your self badly, Papa?"

"I can walk," he answered stiffly.

"Did he?" I inquired of Mamma, as he limped away and could be heard in his room, rattling bottles and pulling out drawers.

"Not as badly as he thinks he did," said Mamma, "but I'll go and see that he has everything."

A few minutes later I heard Louis come upstairs and stop at my door.

"I say—Nell?"

"What is it?"

"I set fire to my room in town once. Threw a cigar into curtain instead of thingumbob, and had to put the illumination out with my hands. Thought I'd tell you."

"Thank you, Louis."

He went whistling off to his room.

GOOD old Louis! It was his way of comforting me. I sat down on the spring—the bed-clothes had been thrown out in the hall—and stared at my soaked and blackened manuscripts. Then I reached for pencil and paper, and my fingers began to move. The next thing I knew it was day and Mamma was standing in the doorway quoting that Arabic proverb about winged ants. But the editor took my story. You see it was fact seen through a temperament.

It is the same with writing, however, as it is with poultry. One bird fancier will tell you one thing, another something diametrically opposite. And after sacrificing myself in sundry ways on the altar of realism, I came across Oscar Wilde's dictum: "Whatever actually occurs is spoilt for art." I knew that Guy de Maupassant was called the king of short story writers. I remembered reading somewhere that he saw the world as the Dutch painters saw it, that one read him hurriedly, without lifting the eyes from the page. I sat down and ordered him, in all the splendor of an *edition de luxe*.

All in good time the books arrived, ten volumns beautifully illustrated. At first I contented myself with just turning over the pages. Then I read a scattered description here and there. At last I chose a title, haphazard, and started in to read. As I proceeded, the pleasant glow of anticipation was succeeded by puzzled dismay. "Queer story," I muttered, as I rather hastily finished it. "Better luck next time." And with somewhat more circumspection I picked out another, whose heading sounded good. That I did not finish.

"Mamma," I called, "I wish you'd just come here and read some of these, too, and see what *you* think of them."

Mamma got her spectacles and came.

"Nice bindings, Eleanor."

"Yes, the bindings are all right," I returned, scanning titles and beginnings dubiously.. "Well, what do you think of them?" I inquired after a pause as I reached for another volume.

Mamma's face was rather pink.

"My—my—my! Eleanor! I never read such a story! It's called—"

"Don't tell me," I shuddered. "Perhaps some day I shall be able to forget what I have read. I don't know. Arthur Symons says '*Boule de Suif*' is his masterpiece, and I suppose it has what Gosse calls robustness, and somebody else vividness of detail. But I can't appreciate it and I don't want to."

"We'll make a little paste," suggested Mamma, brightening, "and paste the leaves of this one all up so no one can read it."

"We'll have to paste 'Roger's Remedy,' too," I sighed. "In fact I haven't come across any yet that I don't want pasted up. I feel cobwebby all over, and I want a bath."

IT might have been the rebound from the highly-classic Maupassant that set me off on my next tack, journalism. It was the foot-path many eminent authors had trod to fame. *I* would tread it. Would begin humbly as a news reporter. Would tell no one—no one that is except Cousin Gregory, who was instrumental in getting me placed on "The Morning Mirror" staff.

"Who's the reporter for Maple-town?" Louis inquired one week-end. "He's hunted down every old son of a gun within a radius of five miles, and set him trekking."

"It is ridiculous—the people those reporters put in." I agreed craftily "I suppose you are conspicuous by your absence." I added, though I remembered his paragraph perfectly. People I liked I differentiated from the proletariat by subtle little niceties of speech

"Oh, he's got me and of all fool things the very darndest is to say a fellow is the guest of his parents *The guest of*! Jove, that is rich!"

"What is wrong with it?" I asked, nettled

"Well, in the first place, it's obvious untruth He isn't a guest To prove it I have only to enumerate some of the odd jobs reserved against my coming home. Not to mention —"

"You put too literal a construction upon things," I interrupted

But the conversation recurred to me, when I was writing my next report And a few weeks before one of the girls had said she was going into the city and I duly itemized her among that week's departed, and then some trivial thing turned up and she didn't go, after all. It was very provoking. If I could only make up names, they would be so much more reliable, and they wouldn't criticize the manner of their appearing in print I could make them go to real worth while places, instead of this monotonous Saturday-to-Monday see-saw to and from the country. Could give them good patrician names in place of the plebeian nomenclatures they affected. The report was short an item this week—what could one expect of a Perkins or a Jones?—suppose, just for once, unhampered by the restrictions of truth, I create a really good item? No "arriving" or "returning," but a passing through to pastures new Such of my friends as had made the grand tour had spoken with a studied carelessness of sailing at daybreak. *He* should sail at daybreak. It had better be a "he," so as to eliminate the necessity of manufacturing escorts, which would tend to give the excursion a Cook-ish sound. And now what should "he" be christened? After some reflection and more application of the books of shareholders of the bank of which Papa is one of the directors, a name came into my mind ready-made, so to speak

"I am not such a winged ant, after all," I said aloud, beginning to tap the typewriter keys.

ABOUT a fortnight later I was returning from a search after local color for a pioneer story I was writing—Cousin Gregory had written my talents were wasted reporting, so I was a free

lance again. For miles I had seen neither house nor man nor stir of life, only woods, woods, — everywhere woods. Sometimes little bays of clearing crept up into them, but they soon fell back, discouraged. Sometimes a fringe of willows marked the course of a river, as it hurried through and escaped. The tense quiet at last grew oppressive, and I was glad when I struck on to the main road. Motors began to pass me, and in an incredibly short time I saw them fussing up hills a long way ahead. They seemed like winged things, while my legs felt as if heavy weights were around them. If only one would stop! I began to pretend that one had, and that I was in it, miles ahead of myself, nearly home. But when at last one did, I was so surprised at the miracle's actually happening that I did not reply at once to the young chap's offer of a lift.

"You seem leagues from everywhere, and since I am going your way and there's an empty seat in the second class—?"

"I'll take it," I said, getting in with alacrity. "But why do you say second class?"

"Well, a Cadillac is not a—Packard," and he laughed, as if something amused him.

"It seems pretty good to me," I sighed leaning back, as we shot ahead.

"From the city? I suppose I should say sojourning here during the summer months," he caught himself up with another of his pleasant laughs.

"No."

"From the Old Country?" he hazarded.

"Bet he takes me for a maid," I thought, his last phrase being associated in my mind with arriving domestics. "Believe I'll pretend I am." Aloud I answered in a voice purposely inflected to foster that illusion, "No, I am native born, but girls round here can get just as good places as though they had crossed the Pond."

"Oh, I dare say," he said, turning and giving me a long look. "Yes, I dare say," he repeated, absently.

"I had ought to know, and what I always say is that if a girl treats her folks square, they will treat her square."

"Sure. *Noblisse oblige*, and all that sort of thing. Hello! What's that?"

"I didn't notice anything," I said, forgetting my role.

The car came to a standstill, and he jumped out and began investigating the exhaust valve, etc., muttering darkly the while, "May be nothing—may be pretty nearly everything. Now if I had only been in my Packard!"

"Oh, have you a Packard, too?"

"No, I said *if* I had only been in it."

"Then you must have one."

"Not at all, but if I had only been in it, and not 'passing through en route for New York—'"

"You seem leagues from everywhere, and since I'm going your way and there's an empty seat in the second class—?"

"You can stay at Mapletown till your car is fixed, can't you?"

"And 'sojourn?'" he said, reproachfully. "No, no. I've got to 'pass through,' and 'sail at daybreak,' and sojourn in London, preparatory to touring the Continent'— What is the matter? I hope there is nothing about my itenerary to alarm you?"

"No. Oh, no. Nothing."

"Possibly it strikes you as it did the friends who read the notice of my prospective tour in "The Morning Mirror," and came to inquire why I was funking active service?"

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say, but it's Reford. *Lieutenant*—not *Mr.* Marmaduke Reford. What are you laughing at?. . . . . Really you will do yourself an injury, if you keep on like that. . . . . I say, hadn't you better stop!"

"I c-c-can't," I gasped, and immediately did. "Cousin Gregory told you! He did—he did!"

"Well, I pitched into him about that notice. That's easy. But what I

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A FREIGHT OF CURRENCY

The Story of a Sailorman's "Restitution"

By J. D. Duthie

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

PART II.

Josh, for a space was silent and looked the image of hopeless discomfiture. At last, brightening up a bit, on second thoughts he meekly acquiesced in the scheme to get him out of his den, and added that he "guessed they was doin' it all for his good;" an besides, he could not "have the sass to set up any whim of his agin the advice of a professional man."

Two days later, Sam gave Windlass a receipt for the custody of a certain receptacle, contents as described, and a "Charter party" was drawn up between them in which the aforesaid Samuel Slimber covenanted to make safe delivery of the property entrusted to him to one Elspeth Windlass or Allan, now living in or near the village of, Islay in the Province of Alberta, Canada; and to take all risks other than that arising from the Act of God, the King's enemies, etc., etc.

About the same time, the bed-ridden Chandler seemed to pick up sufficiently to get himself into garments he had not worn for months, and which had not tasted the flavor of soap since the previous New Year's eve—the captain's last general washing day.

Having seen him safe under the wing of the homely old matron of the Deal "horspital," Sam returned to duty and hurried forward arrangements for sailing the day after Christmas.

In less than a week Cap'n Josh became so enamored of his new surroundings and so sick of his old consortments that he determined to sell out right away and give his friends a little surprise on the day on which the *Mermaid* was billed to sail for Halifax, N S. He found his way back to London on the Monday following the date of his coming to Deal, saw a broker with regard to the sale of his junk-store as a going concern, and within forty-eight hours had closed the deal and returned to the home of his adoption—Sam having not the slightest suspicion of what had taken place.

Sonny had been his one companion at the sanatorium of "sea-air and winkles" and the captain was no longer a sick man. Imagination, foreboding, a guilty conscience had been dogging his heels for many years, but relief came the moment he set his face towards the business of bringing sunshine into the lives of those who had been the victims of his ingrained "cussedness."

The *Mermaid* had been refitted for her trip across the Atlantic, — was ready to sail some days ahead of sailing date, and was now moored off Gravesend. The crew, besides the captain, consisted of eight men, and Sonny was entered as cook's mate and cabin-boy.

Christmas day was celebrated on board and it had been decided that it would be a good omen to start out on the night of Christmas. Flood tide was at ten minutes to eleven and anchor would be weighed half-an-hour or so thereafter with the first perceptible sign of the ebb.

When the time came for parting and all visitors to get ashore, it was observed that Captain Windlass suddenly developed strong symptoms of irritation and restlessness and a distinct reluctance to get into the waiting wherry in which every long-shoreman except himself had taken his place.

"*Mermaid* ahoy!" came from somewhere between the ship and the nearby wharf, and at the sound, Josh sprang to his feet.

"Sam!" he cried," I'm going with ye an' them's the boys with my baggage—blawst them, they ought to have been here an hour ago."

The announcement was greeted with yells of delight and the boy hugged his grandfather in a transport of affection, for whatever the old crank's shortcomings were, he certainly loved the lad and had treated him with the tenderness of a mother.

The baggage of the unexpected passenger was hauled on deck, and with himself, bundled without ceremony into the cabin. Just before retiring

for the night, he was regaling himself with a pipe in the company of Sam when a heavy foot appeared at the top of the companion way, followed by another, and finally the completed form of Doc' Macpherson stood up to the astonished gaze of old Windlass.

"Hello, Doc'; you going with us too ?"

"Looks like it, don't it ?" said he, squinting a confidential wink in Sam's direction.

"*He* ain't no doctor, Josh: he's no more a doctor than you are a South-sea-Islander."

"What ! an' you palmed him off on me as a full-blown medical man from the horspital ?"

The parties to the rank deception looked the personification of condemned men listening to the commination service as Josh glared first at one and then at the other, wondering the while whether he was not the victim of some foul kidnapping conspiracy.

"Well, old sport," pleaded the Doc' (who was no other than the ship's mate) "if I ain't a Doc', I didn't give ye bad advice—did I ? You took it like a glass o' grog—didn't ye ? An' I didn't charge ye anything for it—did I ?"

Josh was in no mood to harbor resentment against a living soul at that moment. He saw through the kindly trick that had been played upon him and entered into the spirit of it right up to the hilt. A glass of grog capped the harmony of the evening and all hands slept the sleep of the just on board the *Mermaid* that night.

The long sea voyage was covered without incident of news value, except a few pot shots one day in Mid-Atlantic which Sonny took at a school of porpoise with an old horse pistol belonging to Sam. This famous weapon enjoyed the distinction of never having taken a life and of probably saving a few score on the one occasion on which it had previously seen service. That was when, as chief officer of the *Northfleet*, Sam held a crowd of panic-stricken Italians in check till the women and children were all in the boats when his ship was run into by a Spanish Collier.

Josh had parted good friends with all old acquaintances. He had even been at some pains to find out the ex-convict—Dick Harris, leaving him a donation of fifty pounds with some good advice, which, however, as will be subsequently explained, he did not take in the spirit in which it was given.

The first night in Halifax was a somewhat uncomfortable one for the skipper of the *Mermaid*. Rarely deprived of his modicum of sleep, for some unaccountable reason he found the utmost difficulty in closing his eyes that night. Finally he gave it up and got on deck just as a nearby clock struck the first quarter after midnight.

Everything was still as the grave—not a soul astir except a lonely night policeman in the distance. There was another vessel between his own craft and the Quay and her greater height above the waterline threw the *Mermaid's* starboard side into shadow from the three-quarter moon shining from a clear sky.

After pacing up and down for a brief space, Sam threw himself down on a coil of rope and gave himself up to his constant companion "Lady Neotine." He could not tell how long thereafter, but in tracing the filmy clouds from his pipe, he was startled by the sight of two figures stealthily climbing the bulwarks of the neighboring ship with the evident purpose of getting on board the *Mermaid*. Sam sprang to his feet at once, and the moment they saw him they halted.

"Afe you the *Milwaukee* ?" from a strangely familiar voice.

"No !" was Sam's curt reply without vouchsafing the information as to who he was, and with an apologetic grunt

Sam turned in the direction of the shot, and, to his amazement, there stood the boy, the smoke from the shot that had found its mark still circled his head like a ghostly halo

from the speaker, the pair sheered off and were quickly lost in the shadows cast by the intervening masts and rigging.

With a strange dread in his heart, Sam sought his couch and after another hour or more listening for any movement on deck, he gradually dropped off and was not disturbed till awakened at the breakfast hour.

Not a single reference was made to the incident of these midnight prowlers, but after supper, Sam took the mate into his confidence and they decided to set a watch between them that night.

It still wanted half-an-hour of midnight when the entire crew, barring the cook after a lengthy sojourn ashore returned to the ship more or less in a maudlin state from excessive drinking. This circumstance was inexplicable, unless it formed part of some sinister purpose, as he knew these men to be a decent lot of fellows who rarely indulged as they had evidently been indulging that night. They all went quietly to their quarters, however, and were soon sleeping like hogs in the fo'c'sle.

Shortly after twelve had struck, Sam was in the act of calling the mate to relieve him when he saw what he took the to be the missing cook stepping over deck of the inside craft. He appeared to be perfectly sober; at all events he walked steadily and wavily directly towards where Sam stood.

"Hello, Jenkins! What does this mean? You've—"

He got no farther. He was seized from behind, and in an instant the cook had him gagged and bound while two pairs of powerful arms pinioned him beyond all possibility of helping himself.

Having trussed and roped him to their satisfaction, the ruffians flung him in a heap on the deck. He never lost consciousness, however, or one ounce of his resourcefulness, and in a short time, by rubbing his head against the deck, he was able to dislodge the handkerchief that bound his mouth and eyes and could follow the proceedings without difficulty, but he deemed it unsafe to make any noise at that critical moment.

Keeping guard over the entrance to the cabin was a tall, heavily built man as to whose identity he had no doubt. It corresponded exactly with the voice that had challenged him on the previous night, and he was now equally certain as to the object of the attack.

After moments that seemed hours of horrible suspense as he thought of his sleeping shipmates in the cabin, two men came on deck, one carrying the plunder which could be no other than the entire "freight of currency" as described in the charter party.

One man had cleared the bulwarks and was already dropping onto the deck of the next vessel. A second (he who was loaded with the booty) was doing his best to scramble over, while a third party halted a little behind as a sort of rear-guard. Number two with his impedimenta came to grief in trying to get over, and just as he was preparing for a second attempt, he came sprawling again to the deck with the solid weight of Macpherson on top of him.

The third man—he who had stood guard at the Cabin doorway—made a dash to save his mate, and what was of far greater consequence to him, the precious swag.

He sprang behind Macpherson and was in the act of felling him with some ugly looking bludgeon when the sharp voice of a well-known weapon shattered the night's silence, and with a groan and a curse, the gigantic form of the would-be murderer crashed on the deck.

Sam's eyes instinctively turned in the direction of the shot, and to his amazement, there stood the boy, or his apparition, for he was clad only in his night-garments, and the smoke from the shot that had found its mark still circled his head like a ghostly halo.

"Look for the old man, Sonny—quick! and shake up the boys in the fo'c'sle."

It was the mate who spoke, his voice hoarse with excitement and indignation, but it put nerve into the brave little fellow and his wits sprang to his command at the instant.

"Unc' Sam!" he cried in terror when he found the prostrate form of the skipper, but another shout announced his joy as he found him alive and apparently in possession of every faculty saving the power of locomotion.

He was quickly cut free and sprang to the help of the mate while Sonny roused the drink-sodden crew. The mate's prisoner having been fairly secured, the wounded man was taken in hand. Lights were fetched, and as these were turned full on the prostrate villains, two members of the harbor police came on board, attracted by the gun-shot, and matters were quickly explained to them.

Old Josh had been roughly handled. The scoundrels had stunned him the moment he had shown signs of disturbing them in their search, but from the keen interest he took in all that was going on, it was evident that the time had not yet arrived for paying in his checks.

In the thick of the melee, Number one of the gang (who was no other than the treacherous cook) returned when he saw what was taking place and was quick enough to secure the treasure while Macpherson and his adversary were at death-grips. It was apparently this crowning disaster that disturbed Sam far more than any "Soreness" he felt in consequence of the shaking up he had received.

When old Josh began to make inquiries about the sacred vessel, Sam compassed him with lies and dodged every inquiry with rare skill lest the shock of its loss might kill him.

One of the crew in guiding the operations of the police flashed a strong shaft of light on the face of the victim of Sonny's pistol. Its ghastly aspect

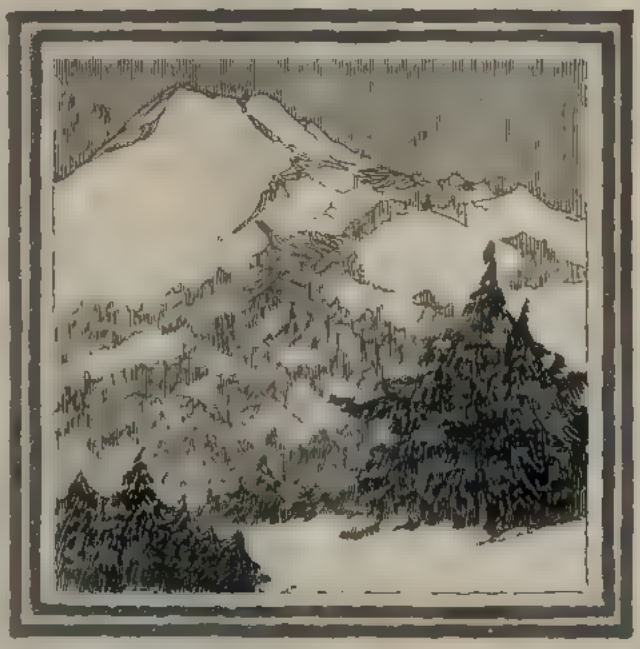
Continued on page 106

Get on your best togs, Windlass; I'm going to take you and Sonny with me to see the sights o' Halifax. Iv'e got to call on some swell friends and we mustn't so much as smell o' beer or bacca

The Flowing of the Deosongwa

By Agnes Ross White

Illustrated by Bruce Cameron



AWAY in the North, in the old land of Hochelaga are the Hills of the Beautiful Plain, low and rugged for the most part but scattered here and there at wide distances, so that each, in its isolation, seems of mighty mass and imposing height.

But for all their seeming mass and height, one there is on the edge of the Plain which is easily king of them all, even though the brood of straggling foot-hills behind it seem ever striving to drag it down to their own puny level. There it is—old Mighty-Wind—big and grand, lording it over all the Hills of the Beautiful Plain, for all the harrying pack at his heels, and in his crown, like a hidden jewel, lies little Lake in the Sky, so tiny from side to side that the shadows of the treetops just fail of reaching across it, but very deep—so deep no one can guess at the measure of it, and very clear—so clear that the deeps of it seem like black nothingness, even as the heart of the crystal seems to the eye of the gazer.

On one side the waters brim over, first in a long, joyous leap, then on and on they flow, sometimes with the soft murmur of deep pools, sometimes in eager tones over rocky shallows; but whether swift or slow, boisterous or still, there is always and ever a simple song that the wavelets sing to each other, and to all the world, as they journey away to the Great Sea.

The little lakelet has been there in the brow of Mighty-Wind even from the beginning, for the Great Mystery. He that made Mighty-Wind, a-weary at the end of His work, pressed upon the mountain's top with the tip of His finger, and lo, the waters flowed in the place, and He drank and was refreshed.

For countless ages the waters were stayed at the edge of the cup, for their sparkling coolness was not for mortals, and that the Children of the Plain and Hills might make no mistake, the Great Mystery had set a gray girdle of granite round about the mountain-top.

But a time came when one with courage and love and a clean heart sought the Great Mystery, even on the edge of the guarded lakelet, and as a sign and a symbol of that time He loosed the waters, and the Deosongwa —the Stream of the Deep Spring—came to be.

Drouth and tempests, plague and years of hunger the Children of the Plain and the Hills had known, yet never a winter like that one winter when it seemed that there would be not one left of all the tribes of the Hills, neither warrior nor maiden, neither man, woman nor child. All the earth was buried deep under the snow and the pitiless North-Wind had barred and locked it there with his breath. The wild beasts had turned their faces toward milder valleys, even the things that most loved the cold had gone; only man remained.

Then came the vultures of the winter—Famine and Plague. One by one the warrirors joined the spirits in the Death-Dance and the Northern Lights became brighter and brighter; one by one the family fires went out and the Milky-Way became broader and whiter. The people of the Missisquois were too easily counted, for Hunger and Disease had dwelt long with them. At last Scurvy lifted the tent curtain and gazed on the chief, Raven's-Wing. The hemlock liquid had lost its power and Wind-Flower, the maiden of his choice, sat in a corner of the wigwam bowed with despair: there was no way left. The Great Spirit must be very angry with His children—and for what? They had kept to their own country, they had observed all the rites, they had paid heed to all the laws of the Plain and the Hills, what lacked they yet? She would seek the Maker of the World, even on His mountain-top, and ask of Him wherein they had angered him.

But the Great Spirit might not speak with her, a woman. There was no other to dare it, there was nothing for her to do in the wigwam but to watch the skin growing blacker and blacker and the Dreadful Thing coming step by step; it was she who must go. Then she thought of the mountain side, frozen and awful; and she was hungry. But already the snowshoes were on—the cold would hurt for only a little while.

On she went through the underbrush, where the whips cut like knives when they slipped from her grasp as she pushed them aside. Then came the clearer woods, where the bare branches, groaning and creaking with the cold, knocked together above her. She dared not pause an instant; she must even hurry or she would be too late. Up still further, and the air began to stir as if resenting her coming; the cold was alive trying to beat her down; the great trees were groaning from root to topmost branch, seeming to tell the agony she could not open her lips to utter. A little farther, it must be only a little farther. Now

she was warmer, and if she might only sleep a little she could go on much more easily. But her chief might die; she would sleep after she had reached the top. On and on, farther and farther up she went. It was strange how warm she felt up here with the frost falling in a glittering storm. She did not seem tired nor hungry nor cold, but she seemed to be going on so slowly. Then she heard a mighty roaring from the mountain-top and knew that the Great Spirit had at last spoken. She felt His breath sweeping along the snow; it did not hurt her but she could not stand before it. She fell touching the granite circle—and sleep came.

When she awoke she was standing by the lakelet where no human had ever stood before. There was a warmth in the sunlight here and the roaring had turned to a low, sweet murmur. It came softly across from the other shore and died away in the tree tops above. At last she under-stood what it said.

"Does the Wind-Flower of the valley have fear? Let it be gone. Her heart has been before my eyes as she came thorugh the forest. Pure, like the snow on the mountain-top I found it. You are here: speak, O Wind-Flower. What can I do for my children?"

The murmur died away and she knew that now she might ask for her chief's life and for the lives of the tribe. All fear dropped from her and swiftly the words came.

"Listen, O Manitou. You who stand on the mountain-top listen, I say, to the cries of your people. Now the evil days have come upon us. Throw back the clouds from before your eyes and look into our wigwams, open your ears to the mourning of our women. Stay, O Great Chief, at the door of Raven's-Wing and take the plague from him. Hear, now you who stand above the hunger pits as I say, and give us melting winds and food that we may live. Listen to

Applying the Sermon

BY T. A. DALY.

"O! THE pastor's sermon was splendid this mornin'," Said Nora O'Hare,
"But there's some in the parish that must have had warnin' An' worshipped elsewhere;
But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin', Troth, then, it is quare!"

" 'There are women,' sez he, 'an' they're here in this parish, An' plentiful, too,
Wid their noses so high an' their manners so airish, But virtues so few
'Tis a wonder they can't see how much they resemble The proud Pharisee.
Ye would think they'd look into their own souls an' tremble Such sinners to be.
Not at all! They believe themselves better than others, An' give themselves airs
Till the pride o' them strangles all virtues, an' smothers The good o' their prayers'.

That's the way he wint at them, an', faith, it was splendid— But wasted, I fear,
Wid the most o' the women for whom 'twas intended, Not there for to hear.
An' thinks I to meself, walkin' home, what a pity That Mary Ann Hayes
An' Cordelia McCann should be out o' the city This day of all days.

"But, indeed, 'twas a glorious sermon this mornin'," Said Nora O'Hare,
"Though I'm sorry that some o' the parish had warnin' An' worshipped elsewhere;
But wherever they were, if their ears wasn't burnin', Troth, then, it is quare!"

me, I say: look now upon Raven's-Wing. See, now, that Death no longer stands over him."

She had slipped to her knees and leaned heavily against a boulder. Again the murmur came across the lakelet; but not so gentle now.

"Was it lying pictures I saw in your heart, O Wind-Flower? You speak for Raven's-Wing more than for all the others. Many warriors are along my pathway to his wigwam."

"Look, you, O Giver of Life, he is the chief of the tribe. From all the maidens he has taken me to be his woman. My steps are light under his burdens: his words are the music of the woodlands in my ears. His couch is my couch; he is my brave."

The murmur was longer in coming now and it was but a mournful sigh.

"Can none of my children forget self? You walked with the cold on the mountain-side for self: your steps grew slow and weary: the Frost-Death was in your face. When I could not feel the life of your heart I brought you here. And it was all for your own."

Fear lest her mission had been in vain gave Wind-Flower courage.

"Stop, O Master of Life," she cried. "Look not on me. Listen to the mourning of the women, to the wailing of the children. Bring back, O Manitou, the chief to his warriors. The Wind-Flower will lie down with the cold in the forest. Hear me, O Master of Breath, and spare my chief, spare his people."

The silence was so long it seeemd that the Great Spirit must have gone; then again the murmur came and in it was a lone tone of hope.

"I will spare your chief, I will spare your people, but there shall be no place for you. Your chief shall share his couch with another. The Wind-Flower shall go back to the village and shall find no shelter there: but she must see her chief happy and the women and children glad in the sunshine. I have spoken."

"My ears have heard. O Giver of Life, and your words are like arrows in my heart. The Wind-Flower has borne great pain; she can bear more. It is well."

"Go, then, back to the village. Your courage has been mighty before me and I have hearkened to your words. Go back, I say, and when plenty shall come and the braves and squaws can laugh in the wigwams, when your place is taken by another, I may pity you. Go!"

The lake was gone; the warmth in the sunlight was gone; the gentle breeze had changed to the cold, icy breath of the mountain-side. But

At last she touched the gray circle: again she stood by the boulder where she had stood before; and then came the same murmur, but oh, how tender and loving now

there was a warmth in Wind-Flower's veins and a crushing, deadening pain at her heart; so it was not a dream.

Again there were hours of the same numbing cold, the same gnawing hunger, the same stiffening limbs, the same bloodless face, the same battle against Nature. But no one knew what Wind-Flower had seen and heard. In their own anguish no one had noticed that she went or came.

The next day brought the South-Wind: the snow disappeared and the flowers came: mountain and valley were alive again and all things sang the song of spring-time.

Fear of what was upon her, took the light from Wind-Flower's eyes, the music from her voice and the smile from her lips. Then the stranger came and another sat at the chief's doorway: then the people laughed and pointed their fingers at her: even the children reviled her. At no wigwam was she welcome. What held her back from the racing rapids when she longed to give herself to them? What kept her from ending her days of loneliness, her nights of sorrow and desertion? In all her misery she saw her chief happy, her people prosperous; and she said that it was well.

Suddenly came a great desire to see once again the cup in Mighty-Wind, and to hear, if might be, the voice of the Great Spirit.

Instead of the creaking of the cold she heard the rustling of the summer breeze. Trees and grass and flowers, birds and beasts, had all forgotten the time of pain and death and were filled with the joy of summer. She alone knew it not.

At last she touched the gray circle; again she stood by the boulder where she had stood before; and then came the same murmur, but oh, how, tender and loving now.

"You have come, O Wind-Flower, and it is time. Your sorrow has been before my eyes, but like the sun at noonday has been your great love for your people, for your chief, and I, the Holder of Heaven, have compassion on you. You have walked alone in the darkness: I will lead you in the sunshine from the morning even unto the sunset. You have given up love, which is more than life to your kind, but I will make your chief and your people to know what your love has done; and because it has been strong, like the tempest on the prairie, I will give of the waters of my drinking cup to my children forever, that when they see them and hear them and feel them, they may know what a woman's love can do. And this shall be the song these waters shall sing forever as they flow on and on to the Great Sea:

"A woman's love, a woman's love!
We tell the power of a woman's love.

Then there went tumbling down the mountain-side and through the valley a stream pure and clear, drawn from unknown depths, reaching to unknown bounds; leaping obstacles in one place, dancing round them in others; again flowing smooth and slow—always a symbol of a woman's love."

And that is how the Stream of the Deosongwa came to be, and that is why there is only and always the one refrain:

"A woman's love, a woman's love!
We tell the power of a woman's love.

CANADA BY MAIL

By J. and G. McNear

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

COFFEE, served in the drawing room, was a most uncomfortable ceremony, since Harold's grandfather, and even his uncles—to say nothing of his slightly sympathetic father and mother—dared not reopen the subject of Canada until Harold himself should say something. And Harold was being quite different from his ordinary self and was sipping his coffee in an almost genial silence.

When at length he spoke the entire family council heaved a concerted sigh of relief. At least they could get started now and bring to bear each his own pet reason for Harold's "future" as they chose to call it.

"If you'll all promise to pass over all the foolishness about coming to the train and the boat and all that sort of thing," said Harold, with an astounding absence of the sullenness that had distinguished the previous discussions, "I'll go in for the Canada idea, and be as much of a blooming immigrant as you wish."

The sudden removal of the tension put the advising relatives at a loss, and only grandfather was able to give expression to any moral advice.

"Harold, my boy," he said solemnly, "I must again remind you of the disgraceful failure that you made of your university career. You have clearly demonstrated that you are unfit for a successful life in England, and we are putting the entire hopes of our family in this two years in Canada. Remember that we have selected the establishment with which your cousin is already connected because we are counting on the rough and ready form of existence which we know to hold there, to remake what I am forced to refer to as your insufficient character. All your expenses will be paid so long as you send us regular reports as to your activities and your progress. These reports must be full and accurate and your position as possible heir to this large and important estate will depend entirely on the promise shown in your communications. Do you realize the full meaning of what I have said, Harold?"

"Yes, grandfather," replied Harold, with a politeness that completely concealed the sneer that was in his mind at the time.

There seemed to be no further necessity for staying, so Harold announced with great definiteness that his boat sailed on the twenty-second, that he expected the promise about not seeing him off to be strictly kept, and that he would now say good-by to everyone for two years.

His formal farewells were successfully made.

Three hours later he was waiting outside the stage door of the Gaiety.

"It's all right, Dora," he whispered to the little, brown-eyed, vivacious looking girl when she came out. "They took it all in beautifully; jolly glad to get rid of me too. But I say, grandfather rubbed it in awfully about the regular reports from far away Canada idea. He was frightfully stirred up about it and said that the inheritance of the estates and all that sort of thing depends entirely on what he thinks of the letters. I wish the old boy would pass on," he ended, dismally.

"Harold!" The little chorus girl was inexpressibly shocked. He laughed and reassured her. She laughed, and continued: "But we mustn't make any mistake about the letters. If we write some good ones you'll have the estate sure. We must get busy with books and things and learn all we can. Your cousin will help too, won't he?"

"Absolutely," replied Harold, with enthusiasm. "I can trust him to the very last. He'll send us bits of local color and when we get the bally things written he'll see that they get sent off in the right style. If it weren't for Reg I suppose we could never do the thing at all, and I'd have to go to the miserable country myself."

Castle Street, through which they were now walking, is very dark, and Harold thought it was about time to indicate his affection for his brown-eyed partner by means of a kiss.

"And I wouldn't see you for two years and not then either if I know anything about it," he said, as they hurried on again. "No more suppers at Alex's, no more dances, no more Sundays on the river, and nothing at all but a lot of stupid sand hills and bears and Indians and trick ponies. You're a little wonder to have thought it all out, and we'll have the finest two years you ever saw. Reg will forward the allowance that grandfather makes and I'll get heaps of money for my dancing and everything will be top hole."

His enthusiasm lasted well, and every afternoon till the twenty-first they were busy with back numbers of three Canadian journals which they got hold of at an office in Regent Street. There were four books, too, and the friendly assistance of an actor who had once been in Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Toronto Harold got a bit discouraged at times, but Dora persistently held him at his task of making notes and arranging them.

"You're no better than a tutor," he complained one day at tea. "In fact, you're worse. You sit over me while I do it, and my tutor never did that, curses be on him."

"If you'd done what he told you," Dora added reprovingly, "you could have fixed up those letters a lot quicker. It always pays to be a good boy."

"What about all this doing Canada by mail business that you got up for me? That's not being a good boy, and I feel as though we were going to get tripped up in it too." Harold hung a garland of water cress on the spout of the tea pot. "But I say," he added, "it's jolly well worth it I'm not really such a fool, you know. I mean the reason I did so rotten at the 'Varsity wasn't that I couldn't do their silly essays and papers, but just that I had

something better to do. I'll show you how I can work this letter game. Just watch me—I mean, help me like you've been doing and we'll get it over with beautifully."

The inspiration of having something definite to accomplish, something that he really wanted to do and that had an important audience, had always appealed successfully to Harold, though his activities had hitherto been confined chiefly to polo and roulette, the latter in rather amateur fashion. His dancing too, in swagger private theatricals, had been a distinct success. Now that he was going to spend two whole years in a more or less hidden state he would have to drop the polo and the amateur theatricals, and he had already finished with the roulette. His ambitions were therefore reduced to the two fields of theatrical dancing and Canadian letter-writing. His plans were all made and a thoroughly valuable and attentive audience for his activities, in the shape of Dora, was quite ready.

The real plunge came on the twenty-second. His carefully laid plans for cancelling his passage on the boat in such a way that the public records would not disclose it succeeded perfectly. His first long letter, with full descriptions of Quebec and Toronto, and learned dissertations on the possibilities of the country and the state of finance, was the only part of his belongings that actually sailed on the twenty-second, and it went enclosed in an envelope addressed to his cousin Reg, together with a full explanation of the system and how it was to be worked.

Harold's dancing, conducted in spheres remote from those in which he might be recognized (he went in for a "nut" part in a small travelling revue, in which the necessary make-up protected him from any reasonable chance of recognition) was quite a success, and he had great hopes of finding some sort of work in which he and Dora could be together, without being in a theatre where he would be recognized.

The letters were going on brilliantly. Most of his time outside of the theatre was spent in visiting small and undistinguished public libraries where he regularly consulted Canadian and Empire periodicals and searched for new reference books on the Dominion. Dora's letters, too, consisted chiefly of bits got hold of in one way or another in the matter of Canada. From Canada itself there were regular epistles from Reg, who never failed to protest against the whole disgraceful though clever scheme, though he saw to it that the Canadian end of it was properly handled.

"Believe me, Harold," Reg would usually say at the end of his letters, "one look at Regina is worth two dozen at Piccadilly. Cut out this crazy business and come on over."

But Sundays in town, with a river trip, or sometimes an ordinary concert, with Dora were entirely too much of an anchor for a successful Canadian correspondent. Harold's one reply was a firm refusal.

At the same time his rapidly-increasing knowledge of Canadian life was softening the edge of his scorn for what he still considered a barbarian country. His determination to keep his letters up to the high standard with which he had begun, and the constant encouragement of Dora, had forced him to make a painfully intensive study of conditions. He studied reports on Canadian finance regularly; he read all the political news in two Canadian papers, he even dissected at great pains the annual reports of both railway and industrial concerns.

His grandfather's brief replies, curt though they were, were distinctly promising. References to possible positions in important places, began to appear. And pleased though he was with his success, Harold began to get nervous. It was becoming necessary for him to tap new sources of information. He was constantly on the lookout for people who had been to Canada or who were getting letters from relatives there. In these searches he never said anything to indicate that he had not been there himself, for his knowledge of Canadian names and places was

They boarded the ship—this time—and sailed away

getting so great that he could converse with safety.

One Saturday he got a wire from Dora: "Come early to-morrow." As a matter of fact he always did take the very earliest train available, and she knew it, but he decided that it was only her excited way of promising some important event. He was on hand at her home by nine in the morning of Sunday. She was waiting in the window.

"Harold, here's a most wonderful chance," she said when she got a decent chance to speak. "It's wonderful, really. Now, listen. One of the girls knows the editor of the "Messenger," and he wants a man to handle the Canadian page and it's seven pounds a week and I think you've got it. All you have to do is to call and see him this noon." In her enthusiasm she danced up and down.

Harold was horrified. "But how can I write a beastly newspaper page," he objected. "I can't write and how can I do the Canadian news?"

His mouth was stopped with a small hand.

"Don't be silly," laughed Dora, "your letters are fine and you can write and you know all about Canada. Buck up and get it."

The challenge finished matters so far as he was concerned, and at one-thirty he came out of the door of a house in Nottingham Place, with an incontrollable smile on his face. Dora was waiting.

"I knew you'd do it," she cried out. "What happened?"

"Oh, he just asked me about eight thousand questions and I answered them all. That was easy. I know three times as much about it as that old fool does and he's been there, he says—but I don't believe him."

Even Harold had to laugh at such a remark as that. To tell the truth, he had begun to arrive at the point where he really thought that he had been to Canada. He had no means of knowing how ridiculous some of his conceptions were.

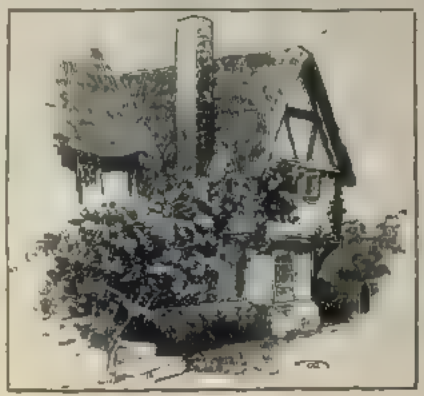
Still, as Canadian editor of the "Messenger," he was an enormous success. The second month (he had begun his editorial work at the beginning of the second year of his fake trip to Canada) of his newspaper work he and Dora married and took a flat in Golder's Green. She continued her chorus job at the Gaiety and they had plenty to live on and plenty of time to spare. The only risk was that of being identified, but as his grandfather was the only one of his relatives living in London, he was fairly safe in that respect. His name, of course, was still changed and his appearance was as different as a barber could make it.

The inevitable blow fell when there were but two more months left before his return. It was a short note from grandfather, praising his conduct throughout the banishment, and announcing that he would call to see him one month before the time was up, to bring him home in state.

Things happened with extreme rapidity from that moment. Harold persuaded the "Messenger" to give him a special errand in Canada, which would cover his expenses. Dora searched the steamship records till she learned which boat grandfather had taken so that there would be no unfortunate incidents. Tickets were got, sailing day came, they boarded the ship—this time—and steamed away. Not one thought, the whole time, had Harold given to his former scorn for Canada. For one thing, of course, Dora was with him, and they had money of their own for the trip, but the chief reason was a fairly obvious one. He (and Dora, too) was intensely curious to see a country about which he had written enough matter to fill a dozen books. Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto they did in approved tourist style, laughing continuously at the sight of places which they had visited by mail with so much pains two years before. The transcontinental trains were a matter of the greatest interest, and when they finally approached Regina after a stop in Winnipeg, their excitement was almost distressing. On the trip they both persisted in talking with every person they could get hold of, a thing they would never have dreamed of doing in England.

Harold didn't recognize his cousin Reg at first, but when he did he was embarassingly grateful and pleased. The three of them went for a look about town and Harold took the opportunity of calling at a newspaper office at which he had business.

He was quite started by the warmth with which he was received. He was taken into a private office and with a directness that took him off his feet, was offered a position on the chain of papers of which this was one, as special writer at a salary of eighty-five dollars a week. Without answering he rushed out, found Dora and asked her advice. She returned with him to the private office and together they accepted.



His work began the same day. It was such that it allowed him, and even assisted him, to do the work for the "Messenger." For a month he and Dora were buried in a life that fascinated them. They assured each other that they would keep it up only till grandfather arrived and took them back to London, but grandfather sent word that he would be delayed for five months, and as time passed their remarks about returning soon became fainter. At last one day they frankly admitted to each other that they would rather live in Canada for ever, and merely visit London at the conventional intervals.

Finally grandfather arrived. So familiar were they with the district by now that they felt no fear whatever in the interview. Dora now had a minor position on the chain of papers and they felt ready for any question. Grandfather was most cordial. He even accepted the marriage, which was explained to him in fear and trembling, with calmness. Everything was beautiful till, as he glanced casually out of the window, grandfather spoke in surprised tones and said, "What is that new building? It wasn't there when I was in Regina twelve months ago."

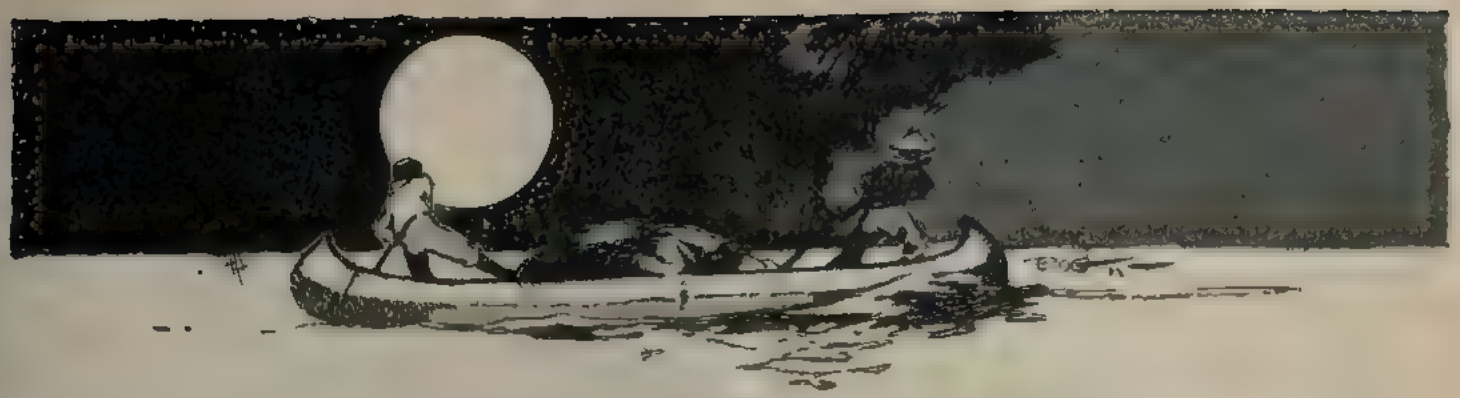
The silence was cold and blue. It became suffocating. After an endless period grandfather turned sternly to the trembling pair.

"You nearly wrecked the whole future of a great family. Only an inborn ability, which you had previously concealed with great skill, saved you. Your childish idea of living in Canada by mail was deceitful and wrong. Yet at the same time you carried it out with brilliance. Naturally, I have had every single step of your career followed from the night you left the house. This chain of papers for which you work belongs entirely to me. When I die it will belong to you. That building across there is mine. So is the new chain of flour mills, the new railroad in the north west and a score of other enterprises.

"Harold, my boy, and my dear Dora, I have put you through a difficult test. You both had bad weaknesses, but I believe that they are entirely gone. I look upon you two as my own children and I rely on you to wipe out the blot of failure that my own son tried to put on the family name. I am trusting you to make the enormous fortune which you are to inherit a power for good in this great new country. Do you realize all that this means, my children?"

Harold looked at Dora for an instant, and then rose and grasped his grandfather's hand.

"Yes, grandfather," he replied, and there was no sneer in his mind as he spoke.



The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

He gathered up the very few things that might be of use to Mititesh, which had been saved from destruction, and placed them in his pack. Then, as soon as he had made the tea and fried some big pancakes, he awakened her and they said prayers, after which they broke their fast.

Mititesh was exceedingly hungry. Owing to Ahteck's precaution she had been untroubled with cramps or nausea, such as affects people who eat too greedily after having starved. She was alreay looking much better than on the previous day and Ahteck, as soon as they had eaten, took her by the hand and led her to the scaffold, where they prayed again, a long time.

"Now," said Ahteck, as they finally returned, "it is time to leave for my camp, where thy father waits for thee. I have been wondering whether his line of traps might still be worked. It is far from ours and he is too ill to come down for a very long time, I fear. But the traps themselves must at least be taken up and saved for thee. It may be that I will return in a few days and go over it, and if I find any fur it will belong to thee also. Now tell me all thou knowest about the line."

"I have gone over a small part of it, very often," she said, "for my help has been badly needed during the last months. I was very sad because I was not stronger and better able to work."

"Where does it begin?" asked the young man.

"We start over there," she pointed. "Near the crooked birches on the other side of the river. It goes on till it reaches the small brook and follows it into the hills, passing through the great notch yonder, where the mountains show blue before the snow comes. Then it goes down into a valley, but I have not been as far as that. It is all well blazed. In the valley there is a chain of ponds, and in some years my father has killed caribou near them. Farther on one comes to a lake that is very full of pike and *dore*. The line keeps along the shore of the lake, to the outlet, which is south. There, my father told me, is a small shack he built long ago, a good place to rest in the night."

"That is good," said Ahteck. "I understand. It will be very easy to follow. And how goes the rest of the line?"

"My father has told me. Wait a moment."

She stopped, thinking deeply, to make very sure of her memory.

"I remember now," she continued. "To the west is an old line where the blazes were made many years ago, but the ground was not good, therefore it must not be followed, because later my father made a new one, keeping farther south. The river is to be followed from the outlet until there is a great fall, and then the line goes away from the water, passing east over a little mountain of birches and aspens. It is a good place for marten. After a half a day's travel one reaches a crooked lake with red trout, and its waters come down into this river, three miles below, where the great pine that was torn by lightning stands behind the high rocks. But thou knowest the place."

Ahteck nodded. He had been listening very carefully and watching the child, who from time to time drew some sort of a map on the snow, with the singular ability of Indians to remember and describe large areas of land and water. He had asked a few questions, and now was perfectly familiar with fifty miles of country he had never visited. It is a power bred by need into the bone of his race. He could never forget the indications and would always be able to follow the line as if he had laid it out himself. He knew that all the traps and the turnings would be marked by special blazes. It was all perfectly clear to him.

"It is well," he said. "The line makes a great circle. Now we must make a start. I think that by working hard perhaps both lines might be tended later on. I shall have to speak to Paul. It will be very difficult."

Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac, to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post, Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the brighteyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupees arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he works in a sawmill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititesh, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children. With the coming of winter, Ahteck and Paul Barrotte start on their hunting trip to the North. Hither comes Jean Caron for help. His home has been burned, his wife and daughter, Mititesh, face starvation. His feeble strength fails him within sight of the shack and, with one despairing cry, he falls unconscious. Ahteck and Paul hear his appeal and quickly bear him to the shack. Ahteck goes at once to Caron's camp, where he finds Mititesh, half starved, mourning over the body of her mother. Ahteck places the body in a tree to await burial in the spring, and returns with Mititesh to his own camp.

"But my father," said the child. "He can work after he gets better. Always he says that he will very soon be well."

Ahteck hung his head, without answering, being but a poor hand at deception, and little Mititesh looked up anxiously at him.

"Is his sickness too bad?" she asked, with quivering lips. "Dost thou think he will not be able to hunt again this winter? He was so sure he would soon be better. It may be that good food and the moose meat may bring back the strength he has lost!"

But Ahteck still forbore to answer, and the child rose to her feet, quickly.

"We must go," she said, eagerly. "Let us start at once! Oh! I am very strong with food now and able to walk very fast!"

The brave little thing looked up at him, feverishly anxious to start. She was so thin and weak-looking that it seemed as if a breath of wind could have blown her to the ground, but the indomitable courage of her ancestors was renewed within her and the long trip held no terror for her. Her father was waiting, he needed her, perhaps the touch of her hand might soothe him, or the sound of her voice comfort him. The splendid woman she was destined to be showed in the child. Before Ahteck's gigantic form she looked small indeed. But she was already thirteen and of a breed that ripens fast. It would take but a few years before she would blossom out into womanhood, though to the big lad she was but a tiny waif of tender years and still the little one who had been so friendly in the first days of his coming to Pointe Bleue, when her father had befriended him. She had sat on his knees then, and a deep affection had begun between the two, that was never to die out. On the child's part it was the feeling of a little one for a big kind brother, for a youth whose kindly nature appealed to her, and who realized the hardships of her life, during which she had for a long time done more than her share, owing to the weakness of the parents. Ahteck, however, was attracted to her only as the very lonely man is attracted by the presence of one who may divert somber thoughts, like the prisoner who learned to love a tiny plant growing between the stones of his cell.

"It is well," said the young man. "We will start now and go as far as we can this day."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIGHT BURDEN

It took but a few minutes to get ready before leaving the camp of starvation and disaster, which, as is the custom whenever fate has dealt harshly with any dwellers in the far places of the wilderness, would never again be the abode of Indians, so strong are old superstitions. The ragged tent whose rents Mititesh had sought to cover with bark was left standing, gradually to rot away and fall to pieces. The peeled sapling with branches cut short, upon which Jean Caron had stuck the skulls of bears and otters and other animals, was the only thing that would mark the site of the camp for a long while. Originally the hunters did this thing because the heads left to bleach in the sun and rain were deemed to occupy a place of honor that satisfied the restless spirits of the departed animals and prevented them from warning others still living against the wiles of the trappers. Now that the Indians of that region are all Christians, and taken to task for such beliefs and heathenish customs, they are apt to continue this one. But if asked about the matter they strenuously deny having any superstitious ideas and assert that the sapling and its strange fruit merely serve to show the prowess of the hunters.

For some time Mititesh walked behind Ahteck, in his footsteps, which however, soon proved far too long for her shorter stride. She was of fair height for her years, but a tiny thing by the side of the young man. While she still showed marks of childhood in some respects she looked old, being so wan and thin. Underfed for a long time and driven beyond her strength, she was but a poor stray thing for the winds of heaven to play with, to toss about and to abandon, like the sere leaves that strew the earth at the time when the wind-gods bestir themselves at the coming of winter.

Before he had gone very far, however, Ahteck turned and looked back. He could no longer hear the slight crunching tread of her little snowshoes behind him and saw that she was already some distance away, plodding on bravely but utterly unable to keep up with him, although he had gone very slowly, as it appeared to him.

Then, for some time, he walked still more leisurely, having known all the while that he would have to carry her. But the way was long and hard and he knew that he must let her go as far as she could without tiring her too much. Great as was his own strength he realized that it must be husbanded. It was a thing of value, like food, or even like the money of the white men, to be used sparingly in order to make it go as far as possible. He allowed her to come up to him again, and spoke words of encouragement, but soon she dropped behind and he stopped, throwing off his pack. They had gone about a mile.

Once more Mititesh reached him. She appeared to be quite exhausted, but had kept on with indomitable courage.

"I am not as strong as I thought," she acknowledged, sorrowfully her breath coming very fast. "I think the long hunger must have changed me, for we have come but a little way. But thou canst leave me a little food and a blanket, and go on. A few matches I will also need, for the night. I will follow as soon as I can. Have no fear that I will not reach thy camp. I will follow thy tracks."

Ahteck smiled, admiring the child's wonderful pluck. He knew that she was quite well aware that this thing she proposed was well-nigh a certainty of her dying alone, on the trail, unable to go on. Yet she was willing to hang upon such a slender thread of chance.

The young man shook his head.

"We are going to camp together," he said. "We are old friends that must not part so easily. For a time I will carry thee now."

She had dropped on the snow, her thin legs shaking with weariness, her breath heaving with exertion. Ahteck lengthened the rawhide thongs of his tump-line, allowing his pack to fall lower down on his back. Then he lifted Mititesh upon it so that she sat upon the bundle with her legs passing under his armpits and her muttened hands resting upon his shoulders.

The whole thing was done in a very few minutes, and he rose easily with his load and resumed his long effective strides.

"I fear I am very heavy," said Mititesh, much concerned.

He laughed one of his rare laughs, that were very soft.

"Thou art indeed terribly heavy, little Mititesh," he said. "Full as heavy as a tiny *maskoush*, a small cub of bear born a few months only. Take a good hold of my shoulders, or about my neck. The going is not bad now and I must hurry on."

It gave him pleasure to feel the pressure of her small hands, to have, at times, the warm breath blowing against his cheek. The load was small indeed compared with the tremendous burdens he was accustomed to carry over the portages, and yet he felt it, in the bad places where the snow was soft or the ground very rough, and realized that later on, towards the end of the day, it would bear down shrewdly upon him and slow his gait. This did not trouble him. He simply thought it his duty to take the child as fast as he could to her father. He was doing his best and that was enough.

After he had gone on steadily for some miles he felt his charge growing somewhat unsteady on his back. The pressure of the little hands had relaxed. When he spoke to her, softly, the child did not answer, but her quiet breathing

Ahteck knew that she was quite well aware that this thing she proposed was well-nigh a certainty of her dying alone, on the trail, unable to go on. Yet she was willing to hang upon such a slender thread of chance

reassured him. He put one of his hands up to his neck and caught hers, gently, so that she might not drop off during her sleep. Her head had fallen upon the nape of his neck and he was glad that she could rest.

Thereupon he toiled on, powerfully, ceaselessly, never taking the slightest rest, while a new sense that was a pleasant one and comforting stole over him, gradually. It was as if he had been a child leading a dreary life, who had found something to pet and care for, as little ones of the woodland sometimes adopt a tiny cub of bear or fox. It seems, in some hazy way, as if his hard life were leaving a deep groove in which it had run all too long—as if a new element had entered it, that gave him courage and greater strength. The load was resting easily upon him, and the full pride of his early manhood appeared to carry him along, swiftly and with a power that was new to him so that he bucked the tangles of alders, and crunched over the hummocky places of swamps where the leaves of dead bracken and fern sometimes showed through the snow, carpeting the ground whose oozing black muck was frozen now and crackled under his feet. His great length of limb permitted him to step over prostrate

trunks of good size, with never a moment's hesitation, with no faltering, and he went on like some machine built by the ingenuity of man, that keeps on going until the fuel is exhausted.

That little hand he was holding was but a very slender thing, even in the thick mitten of muskrat fur, and yet he derived a sense of well-being from its touch, akin to that of a child deprived of companions that has found some living thing it may take to its breast, to pet and cherish.

He continued to walk on rapidly until noon, when the sun of midwinter, still very low in the sky, had reached the most southerly point of its journey. He felt satisfied, knowing that he was making good progress. The cold was growing more and more intense, however, for the sky had become clear and bright. It was then that Mititesh suddenly awoke.

"I think I fell asleep," she said, rubbing her eyes. "At first my feet were very cold and gave me some pain, but now I feel nothing. Have we gone far?"

But he did not answer her question, feeling much disturbed, and stopped immediately, putting the girl down on the ground and throwing off his pack, hurriedly. At once he lighted a fire, for the place offered the shelter of large cliffs rising sheer by the side of the river which protected them from the biting wind.

"Now take off thy shoepacks," he said, "and also thy stockings. Wait, sit down on the pack, I will help thee. Have a care and do not pull hard."

He kneeled in front of her, reproaching himself bitterly. He should have remembered that her feet would be a little moist from the walking, and, like a fool, he had neglected to see to this and had taken her up on his back without attending to a most important matter. He had no doubt that her feet had become badly chilled and, by this time, might be severely frost-bitten.

He loosened his pack and pulled out a pair of heavy socks made of rabbit skin, and as soon as the child's feet were bare, rubbed them vigorously with the soft fur. Upon the toes there were a few white spots that worried him a good deal. After the rubbing was over, when the feet tingled and hurt again, he hastily put more wood on the fire, melted icicles in the kettle to make tea, and then got under the blankets he had placed over Mititesh, after opening his *capot* and the two heavy shirts he wore, and put the still icy feet upon his warm bare breast, while she protested strenuously that she was all right. At a word from him, however, she kept still and, gratefully, felt the returning heat. It was as if a little of the abundant store of the man's life-had gone out to her to make her strong again, as some give of their blood-stream to those who are fainting and pulseless from much bleeding. The color returned to her dusky cheeks, that had become very gray.

They remained there for a long time, perhaps an hour, during which they ate again. Ahteck was disturbed over the idea that perhaps he was bringing ill-chance to the child. After a time he looked again at the small shapely feet, that had never known other covering than soft moccasins or shoe-packs, and saw that the white spots had entirely disappeared and that he had probably been just in time. There were no suspicious welts, no undue redness of the skin. Then he warmed her stockings by the fire, and over them drew on the big fur socks and a pair of soft buckskin moccasins. These had been made for him and he could not help smiling while, for the first time, the girl's face also showed slight merriment.

While they ate, sitting near the fire that was sending up sparks in the frosty air, Mititesh was looking at Ahteck, and a deepening wonder arose in her, because all this was just like one of the legends of the olden time in which the son of the Northwest Wind and of Wenonah, in the tales still known to most of the Indians of the Great North, plays all manners of wonderful pranks. He was a marvelously big man, not at all like others, evidently endowed with strange gifts, who turned up suddenly in the nick of time, as Nanabooshoo did in the stories of her people. Her short life had been a very hard one, and she scarcely understood how it had come about that she was now receiving such gentle care. Indeed she had known affection, for Indians are very good to their children, but her parents, through stress of illness, had depended on her to the limit of her slender forces. And now Ahteck was lifting her to his great back, after feeding her and chafing the feet he had warmed on his great breast. It was very wonderful!

Long association with Pete McLeod, a man of exceeding gentleness of character, and the two children he had helped to care for, had doubtless had a considerable influence upon the lad Ahteck, yet it is also probable that some of the refinement and kindliness of his manner had been born in him, derived from the loving woman who had been his mother. He had always impressed the child Mititesh greatly, and, in her simple mind, she accepted with no little wonder the mystery of his kindness to her.

Soon they were again on their way. Ahteck, before the stop, had already walked steadily for five hours, going very fast in spite of his load. But this he had scarcely felt, and when he started again he knew that he would be able to keep on, untiringly, until the darkness would compel him to stop. People of cities and of the country of clear roads and paths are apt to think in terms of three miles an hour for easy going. In the trackless wilderness of forests covering hill and dale, of woods tangled with undergrowth which merge into swamps with their barriers of alders, a rate of a couple of miles an hour is tremendous travel for a day's work, when a man merely carries a gun. Ahteck, in spite of his burden, did all of this. Very often he asked Mititesh if her feet were warm, and warned her against falling asleep again, but she always assured him that they were all right and he would keep on plodding, silently. The downward tracks had been covered by the new snow but he continued by the same road, unerringly recognizing trees and snow capped rocks and fallen trunks with the marvelous instinctive memory of the wilderness dweller, so that he did not have to pick out his way again.

It was an extraordinary progress during which he passed swiftly over bad going, drove hard against obstructions, avoided tangled thickets of leafless branches and vines spread before him like a net, and, when he happened to take to the surface of the river, watched carefully for dangerous spots.

After four more hours of going the sun had touched the serrated edge of the big woods in the west with flaming hues, casting long tinted shadows over the snow, and he was looking for a place in which to camp for the night. He had already passed the spot where, on the downward journey, he had been obliged to stop and await the morning. He was glad that a short march begun at early sunrise would take him to the camp early in the next day.

Mititesh was very eager to help him with his preparations, but he bade her sit by the fire and warm herself. After food they had the evening prayer and immediately afterwards stretched themselves out to sleep. The sky was entirely clear again, and in the fierce cold, the stars appeared to vibrate, to dance in the sky as if they also had felt the chill of the world and could not keep still. Further to the south, at the big Shallow Lake, as the Indians call St. John, the temperature on that night was well below forty. They were compelled to sleep with their faces under the blankets, to avoid freezing them, even close to the big fire which Ahteck often arose to replenish. In the stillness of the night great trees were cracking and splitting, with detonations like the firing of guns, and the ice on the river near by groaned with the heaving of the flood enclosed within tremendous shackles.

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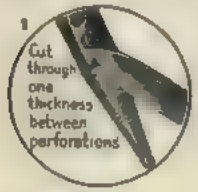

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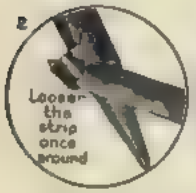

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CHAPTER XIII.

JEAN CARRON THROWS OFF HIS RESPONSIBILITES

It was still frightfully cold when Ahteck rose, carefully lest he should awaken the child; he had not slept very much owing to the necessity of keeping the fire going. Its flame, as he piled on more wood, was reflected upon the wall of a great perpendicular rock at the foot of which they had made their camp. Mititesh continued to sleep, with her head under the blankets, and the man took the trouble to go at some distance to chop more wood so that the sound of his ax-strokes might not awaken her. He took some flaming brands from the big fire and built a smaller one for cooking, near at hand.

It was only when the water was boiling in the kettle that she awoke, rubbing her eyes, and heard the fat sputtering in the pan. Timidly she called to him, bidding him good morning. It irked her a little to see that he was doing what should have been the woman's work, and instantly she leaped to her feet.

They were not very far from the river's edge. Hardly a hundred paces above them there was a fall over which white water, in a cloud of vapor, was roaring before it became engulfed beneath a vast bed of ice. The spray had crystallized upon the bare limbs and twigs of trees and bushes that bent under a heavy load of gems scintillating in the light of the rising sun. Ahteck was still cutting wood, with cautious strokes. By the time they sat down on the blankets, to eat, they were well ready for the huge pancakes fried in fat and several cups of tea, black and bitter.

An abundance of good food had already wrought a great change in the child Mititesh. She was active now and full of life; the earthy color of her cheeks had disappeared while beneath her dusky skin there was a pink glow. As soon as they had ended their meal she bestirred herself, cleaning the frying pan by boiling water in it, and washed out the little wide-bottomed tea-kettle and the cups, making herself useful. After this, as Ahteck finished rolling up and packing the blankets, she tied on the snowshoes he had carried for her.

"Now I will not be carried any more," she informed him. "I am very strong. How far is it to thy camp?"

"A little more than two hours of walking," he answered, "but it will be better that I should carry thee."

Mititesh, however, shook her head. "I am surely not a *ouash*, a little baby to be carried on its mother's back," she insisted. "The great hunger is forgotten now and I am well rested."

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"I have been thinking that from now on, perhaps, thou wouldst be my *ouash*," said Ahteck, incautiously, whereupon the child's eyes filled at once with tears.

"Nikaui, my poor mother, she is gone now, and her body there among the big trees is shaken by the wind, waiting to sleep quietly in the ground," she answered, sadly. "And perhaps thou thinkest my father will go to seek her. If it should be so then I will be thy *ouash*, if thou wilt take me, because there is no one else in the world that will want me."

He patted her shoulder, gently, nodding assent, and they took up their journey. The child trotted easily beside him now, while he took care to shorten his stride a little. Several times he asked if he might carry her, but always she shook her head and followed him, breathing easily and going on without fatigue. She was strong and well developed, and the wondrous recuperative power of her youth seemed to have already blotted out the effects of hunger and overexertion.

It was not very long before they reached the young men's permanent camp. From a distance they saw white smoke curling above the roof from the stove-pipe. It looked like an oasis in the desert of snow and ice.

Paul came out upon the door-sill.

"Good morning, Mititesh !" he cried. "A welcome to thee, little one. Ahteck, luck has come to me, for I have caught that thief of a *carcajou* and his hide is stretching. A fine one he was. The *maudit* will no longer rob my traps. A robber he was and the son of robbers. But I am keeping you out. Come in, I have a good fire and it is warm, and there is bread made this morning, and I will fry meat. Come in, little Mititesh !"

The girl had been looking at him, anxiously, for during the whole journey she had feared bad news. She entered the shack, hurriedly. From the roof-beam hung the frame bearing the pelt of the wolverine. Many others were also drying there.

At the other side of the small stove, in a rough bunk built of ax-hewn planks against the wall of logs, and lying under a heavy blanket, Jean Caron had risen on one elbow. He had been listening intently, as soon as he had heard the voices outside. Now he was watching, eagerly, anxiously.

The man's eyes brightened when his child Mititesh appeared, but they remained fixed upon the door. When the men entered, however, carefully closing it, he understood and fell back in the bunk, breathing fast. There was no need to tell him that the mother had been left behind, in her last long

Continued on page 122.

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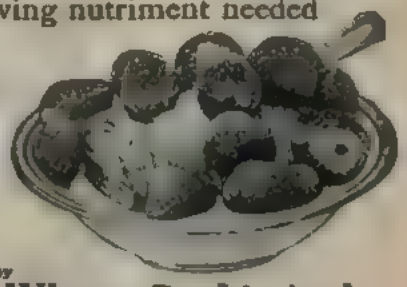

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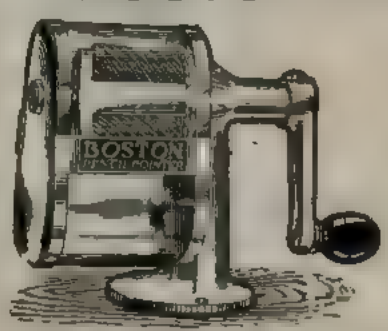

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The A. S. HUSTWITT CO.

44 ADELAIDE W. TORONTO

"Find the Idea of a Tire's Origin and You Will Have Some Idea of Why It Succeeds"—Handy Andy.

The traction engine was made to grip.

So was Dunlop Traction Tread.

Nothing has yet taken the place of the traction engine for long, continuous service.

We don't think any other tire will ever take the place of Dunlop Traction Tread for the same function.

In a certain sense Dunlop Traction Tread is larger than Canada. "Traction's" fame is limitless. Near imitations are to be found in nearly every country where automobiling is in vogue Men have written from various portions of the world seeking the agency for their territory. "Traction" holds the only transcontinental tire record ever made in Canada It has never been known to fail as a skid-resister. It has made it possible for punctures to be a forgotten evil. It has driven out the dust nuisance. It has made automobiling by women more general. It has given men all over the country a new idea of mileage In short, Dunlop Traction Tread, since its introduction in 1911, has popularized motoring and, for the first time in the history of the motor car, has made Safety a Certainty.

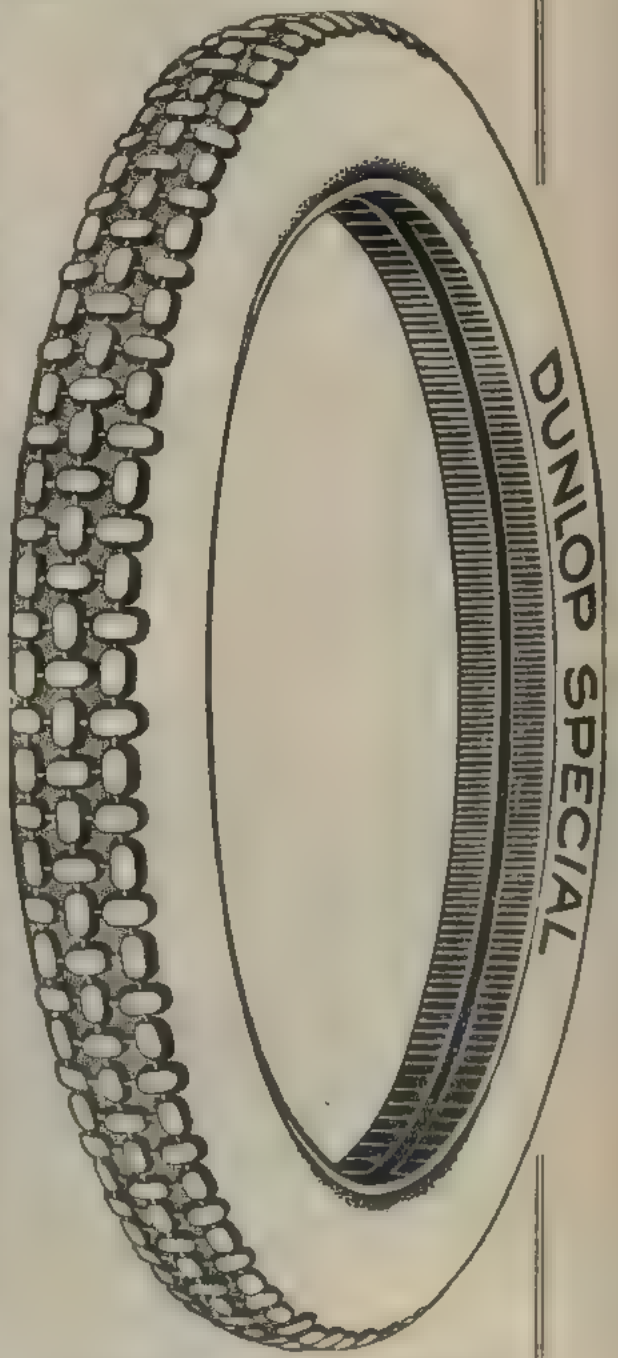
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORIES: TORONTO.

"You Ask Me Why I Consider Dunlop the Tire Leader, and I Say Who Comes First, Ordinarily Knows the Most, Gives the Greatest"—Handy Andy.

No matter what other tire makers may do for the betterment of their product, a close examination generally reveals the fact that we have been offering similar or greater virtues in our product for a long time previous That is simply because we are the pioneers of the industry in Canada. If anybody should know tire-making from A to Z, we should. We have been manufacturing tires in Canada for nearly a quarter of a century—to be exact, twenty-two years.

No other tire company has been making tires in Canada for half that length of time.



Twenty-two years' experience means that into Dunlop Traction Tread, and into Dunlop Special, we put all the knowledge which has been accumulated through those years of successfully serving Canadians because we thoroughly understand Canadian conditions. It means that years ago we faced and mastered the issues with which other tire-makers are confronted to-day. True, a few tire users occasionally swing their allegiance from Dunlop to some other make, but it is almost a certainty those same tire users will come back to Dunlop Traction Tread or Dunlop Special In the end, it is the Tire maintaining the best quality average which wins out, and we surely know more about Quality averages in Canada than any other maker, seeing our experience is as great as that her tire makers in this country combined.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited

Branches: Victoria, Vancouver Edmonton, Calgary Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

Smiles Mean Comfort
Frowns Mean Corns

Dainty footwear develops Corns. One hardly can avoid them.

But what you can do is to end them before they pain you twice. Apply a Blue-jay plaster Wear what you will then, and the corn won't hurt. In 48 hours it will disappear for good.

Painful corns are needless since Blue-jay was invented. Stop paring them. Stop using ancient treatments. Use the gentle, modern, scientific Blue-jay. Millions of people keep free from corns in that way. Your own friends and neighbors do it. Don't let corns spoil your happiest hours when a little Blue-jay ends them.

15 and 25 cents At Druggists

Blue-jay Ends Corns

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

"NIAGARA TO THE SEA"

THE PREMIER VACATION TRIP

Those who have never experienced the pleasure of this famous 800-mile trip from Niagara to the Sea have indeed missed a treat. If you wish to enjoy a REAL Vacation, every moment of which will be filled with delightful experiences, write for our beautifully illustrated booklet "Niagara to the Sea." It tells about shooting the Rapids—It describes quaint Old Quebec—It pictures the beauties of the wonderful Saguenay River. We will gladly send this book upon request, if you will enclose 6c to cover postage.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, LTD.

46 Yonge St., Toronto, or 9 R & O. Building, Montreal.

In Old Cape Town

Continued from page 84.

past, while the grounds are devoted to the preservation of native and imported plants and animals, there being a zoo of no mean size. The estate lies on the side of the Devil's Peak and covers many acres, containing both meadow and timber. At the top of the plantation is the Rhodes Memorial which was erected by the government after Rhodes had found his last home in the Matopos where his body lies, his grave a monument to Rhodesia, the land he wrested from the savage and gave to the Empire. An excellent road winds along side of the Peak, enabling automobiles to visit the Memorial. Standing on the mountain side, almost inaccessible from below, it looks out over Table Bay and may be seen miles away at sea, a monument to the tireless energy of one of Briton's biggest men, the greatest South African. He was a true Africander in all but birth, In the years that are to come United South Africa will stand as the ideal monument to the memory of the man who did more than all others to make it what it is and what it will be in the future, for its possibilities are now undeveloped and largely an unknown quantity.

A Freight of Currency

Continued from page 90.

drew an exclamation from some one and all turned to look at it.

"My God, it's Dick!" the old man cried, shivering in every limb, his face blanched with the palor of death.

"Don't worry, Josh; he's past preyin' for or doin' ye any arm' now. Anyhow, if he lives I don't think he'll get much space to swing his legs for the rest of his life when the boys here get to know of his record at home."

When the police had taken their departure, the four occupants of the cabin did their best to straighten things out and settle down, but there was to be no more sleep that night.

As they sat in the early hours discussing the untoward proceedings, the mate, unaware of Sam's desire to keep it quiet, blurted out an expression of his regret that they had been unable to save the treasure.

The news fell on Josh like a thunderclap, and he threw out his hands in mute appeal to Sam for any consolation or hope of its recovery he could give him.

"No good takin' on like that, shipmate. 'Ow could I help it? It was yer fool way o' doin' things. You planned the whole business an' you had no doubt blabbed about it or shown your hand in some way to some one who told Dick of it all. It's as

plain as a pike-staff. An' o' course, what would any man who can see two inches ahead of his nose expect to 'appen? Why, just what *did* 'appen.

"That thief would have 'ad them shekels if ye'd brought them over in a balloon. Ye've allus been the same, Windlass. Yer a man that cannot be crossed in any straightforward way. If a chap wants to have fair play out o' ye, even for yer own benefit, he's got t' git it by foolin' ye or swindlin' ye in some gol-darned way."

"But there! Don't yer lose 'ope altogether mate, an' look like a chap about to be 'ung. The police are on the track an' they *may* reach him, altho' it might look as likely to you as a hurricane in the doldrums."

As Sam proceeded, Josh looked the personification of misery. The "Doc" tried to preserve a countenance entirely in harmony with the fitness of things at that fell moment, and his success was remarkable.

Poor Sonny looked so sympathetic and so overcome that Sam at last felt constrained to ease the boy's mind, and ordered him on deck for something that wasn't there. When he returned for "better instructions," it gave Sam an excuse to leave the cabin when he assured the boy that it would "come out all right."

Next morning, the *Mermaid* changed places with her neighbor, was hauled in alongside the quay, and the business of unloading proceeded with under the direction of the mate.

Captain Slimber from the moment of getting up took on an unusual jovial manner and shaved with as great care as if he were preparing for a wedding. The contrast to the tragic happenings of the night before struck old Josh. "But there!" he reasoned, "Sam was always a bit of a riddle an' had his own way o' lookin' at things."

"Get on yer best togs, Windlass; I'm going to take you and Sonny with me to see the sights o' Halifax. I've got to call on some swell friends, an' we mustn't so much as smell o' beer or bacca."

Shortly after breakfast, the trio found themselves in a street which was a miniature of one of the stockbroking thoroughfares of London City.

To the amazement of Josh, Sam led him into one of the most pretentious buildings in the street, where an inquiry on the part of Sam (who evidently knew his bearings) was politely answered by a youth who showed them into a little waiting room.

Enter a dapper little gentleman who shook hands, first with Sam as an old acquaintance, and then all round.

"Well, we're all ready for you, Mr. Windlass. Tell me how much you wish to retain and then we'll fill in particulars of the balance on this slip.

The Waltham

For Any Memorable Occasion

WHATEVER events people like to look back on with the pleasantest thoughts—a birthday, a graduation, a wedding, big moments in their lives—no other gift conveys the full sentiment of giving, at the time, or years after, as a

Waltham Convertible Bracelet Watch

A gift that will be cherished as well as used. Besides possessing a daintiness that lends a grace to the wearer, it offers the accuracy that has made the "Waltham" the timepiece of the world.

The "Waltham" Convertible Bracelet Watch is the famous watch with the disappearing eye, which becomes a wrist watch or an ordinary watch at the wearer's will.

Your Jeweller can show you the new Walthams as low as $18.00, or as high as any one should pay for the possession of a good watch. Write for the booklet "Concerning a Timepiece."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
MONTREAL

HOTEL RADISSON
MINNEAPOLIS

Offers a cordial welcome and courteous service to all.

RATES

Rooms with Running Water - - $1.50 per day
Rooms with Toilet and Running Water $2.00 per day
Rooms with Bath and Toilet - - - - - $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 per day

Peerless Poultry Fencing

A real fence, not netting. Strongly made and closely spaced, a complete barrier against animals of any kind. Keeps the small chicks confined. They can't get through. Does all and more than is required of a poultry fence.

The heavy hard steel top and bottom wires with intermediate laterals will hold a carelessly backed wagon or unruly animal and immediately spring back into shape.

The wires are held together at each intersection by the Peerless Lock.

Send for Catalogue

and address of nearest agent. We make a complete line of farm and ornamental fencing. We now have agents nearly everywhere, but will appoint others in all unassigned territory. Write for catalogue today.

THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.
WINNIPEG, MAN. HAMILTON, ONT.

THE IDEAL HOTEL OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

HOTEL LENOX

MODERN. FIREPROOF.

North Street at Delaware Avenue.

A unique Hotel of 250 rooms with a most desirable location insuring quiet, convenience and cleanliness. Cuisine and service unexcelled by the leading hotels of the larger cities.

European Plan—$1.50 per Day and Up
Special Weekly Rates

Take Elmwood Avenue car to North Street, or write for Special Taxicab Arrangement. May we send with our compliments a "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls," also our complete rates?

C. A. MINER, Managing Director.

Epense Money for College Students

We have openings for several young college men and women in various sections of the Dominion in connection with our Circulation Promotion work.

Our work is of such a nature that young men and women find they can attend to it very nicely during "after lecture" hours, Saturdays and vacation periods. Some of our people have earned all of the money required for their college expenses in this "part time" work.

If you are interested in a proposition that would increase your income during your course in College, write us at once and we will send you full particulars by first mail.

CANADA MONTHLY

Mail Bldg.,
Toronto,
Ontario.

Circulation
Promotion
Department.

making the draft on any point you wish near your destination."

Josh looked towards Sam and Sam looked as if champagne oozed out from every pore of his clean shaven face shaking with merriment as if his head would drop off from his fat, woubly shoulders

"It's like this, Mr. Baring," he at last began by way of explanation to the great banker: "that old fool wanted me to fetch over in bank o' England notes an' gold sovereigns the money ye've got on that there draft. Well, sir, I ain't sich a hass as to take any risk o' the kind, so I stuffed his bloomin old tin full o' paper curls I got from the matron o' the Deal horspital, with some lead chippins, to make the dead weight o' the sovereigns. Let 'im see that bit o' paper, sir."

And the astounded Windlass read: *"At sight of this, first of exchange (second and third unpaid) pay to the order of Joshua Windlass the sum of eight thousand and twenty pounds."*

The old man sank into a chair and wept probably the first tears he had shed since infancy

"Avast there, Josh we ain't done wi' business yet " and Sam proceeded to undress as if in response to the call of "Man overboard!" First came his great pea jacket, next a wool lined waistcoat, and finally the pig skin braces of his great pants went by the board. Off came the shirt, and when the pants were just on the point of clewing up like the *Mermaid's* big foresail when she hove to, Sonny sprang at them and averted all disaster while Sam unhitched a great buckskin waist belt.

From a pocket of the latter he withdrew a packet which he solemnly handed over to Windlass Josh opened it with trembling hands and there were the historic jewels and Napoleons—the legacy of his dead wife, and which were more precious to him by far than the wealth of two continents

The storm buffeted old Salt seemed to be deprived of all powers of utterance and to transact his part in the remaining business as if he moved in a dream. All the same, the great banker was a living creature of flesh and blood. The money also was a thing that positively did exist

Documents were completed that would defy the worst that marauding mortal might do to possess this man's property; and next day, the old man supported by the young life that had proved a mighty factor in his salvation would start on the last lap that remained between him and his great objective.

* * * * * *

"What d'ye say to a shot at a tin of lobster, Josh?" Sam suggested when Sonny entered the cabin for the last

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. –of Canada of the United States—of Great Britain –of South Africa—of Australasia –of South America of Mexico—have you ever realized the tremendous ramifications of these world-wide institutions that are supplying better tires for every nation? All of these corporations do not manufacture but purchase from the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada and the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Akron tires being shipped continuously from Bowmanville, Ont., and Akron, Ohio.

MADE IN CANADA

Gives You Goodyear Superiority at a

LOWER PRICE

Compare These Prices

Were Goodyears NOT Made in Canada, They Would Cost You—				But Goodyears ARE Made in Canada, So They Cost You Only -			
SIZE.		PLAIN	ALL-WEATHER	SIZE		PLAIN	ALL-WEATHER
30 x 3½	-	$19.02	$22.23	30 x 3½	-	$15.00	$18.00
32 x 3½	-	21.87	25.58	32 x 3½	-	18.95	22.75
34 x 4	-	31.92	37.34	34 x 4	-	28.10	33.80
36 x 4½	-	44.96	52.65	36 x 4½	-	39.35	47.20
37 x 5	-	52.44	65.55	37 x 5	-	45.45	54.50

Study the figures given here. You can see the actual saving to you in dollars and cents because Goodyear Tires are made in Canada.

Preferred Above All Others

A census of 71 principal cities of the United States shows that every fifth car is equipped with Goodyear Tires. This despite the fact that there are some two hundred other brands, most of which sell in the United States at a lower price than Goodyears. ¶This unusual preference extends to Canada also. ¶Yet many of those two hundred other brands not made in Canada are offered to you here in Canada. ¶You are usually asked to pay prices from 40 to 50 per cent. higher than the prices at which those brands are offered in their home markets. ¶But you know that in the markets from whence they are exported, they are offered at prices much lower in comparison to Goodyears and yet do not acquire leadership. ¶Buying Goodyear Made-in-Canada Products means more than keeping hundreds of workers employed. It means a direct immediate saving to you **on each purchase.**

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA

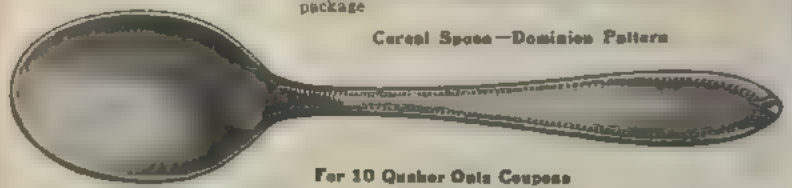
Quaker Oats Premiums

Silver Plate
Jewelry
Aluminum

We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.

Cereal Spoon—Dominion Pattern



For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

What's Beauty?

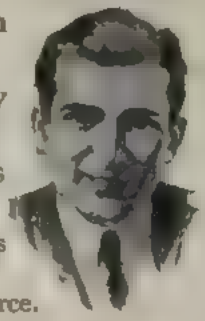
It's Nine-Tenths Vivacity
It's Bubbling Spirits, Snap and Glow
It is Often Oat-Fed Vim

The very joy of life—the love of beauty—urges Quaker Oats.

Not placid beauty. That's a gift, and little to be envied.

The charm lies in life and sparkle. It lies in bounding energy.

It comes from fires kept burning. And they must be fed by food.



One is never unattractive who lives life to the full.

That's one great reason for Quaker Oats in plenty. It is animating food.

It's a mine of stamina, endurance, vigor, force.

To "feel your oats" means joy, success and charm.

Oats are not for young folks only. At fifty they are more important than at ten.

It's a vast mistake, at any age, to neglect the morning oat dish.

Quaker Oats

The Luxury Dish

We have made a luxury dish of oats—a dish that is always delightful.

We do it by discarding all the puny oats—by using queen grains only. We get but 10 pounds from a bushel.

But these big, plump grains monopolize the flavor. And they make large, luscious flakes. From all the world over, true lovers of oats send to us to get them.

Every package branded Quaker Oats contains this extra quality. Yet it costs the usual price. You owe it to yourself to get it.

Regular Package, 10c. *Large Round Package, 25c*

Except in Far West.

Peterborough, Ont. **The Quaker Oats Company** Saskatoon, Sask.

New Round 25c Package

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c.

(1312)

time to ask what he might get for supper.

"Get a shipload o' them Sam, if ye like an' I'll foot the bill: but *I'll* stick to my gruel if yé don't mind. Lobsters gi' me visions and——"

The whole ship's company reflected the smile that lingered on the face o' Joshua and "Doc Macpherson" gave it as his professional opinion that if he practised that act of self-abnegation at every recurring temptation to dine on shell-fish, he would guarantee him an immunity from night-mare for the rest of his natural life.

Confessions of a Winged Ant

Continued from page 87.

couldn't fathom, what I took this run out to discover, is why you were so generous—A Packard and a European tour in war-time is coming it some—to me."

"I didn't know it was *you*," and I told how I came to compose the, as I supposed, fake item. "Cousin Gregory must have talked about you sometime, and the name stuck in my memory," I concluded. "How did you recognize me?"

"Your Cousin Gregory must have talked about you sometime," mimicking my tone, "and when you began working the maid stunt, I discovered that there was something wrong with the car, in order to see if you answered to his description."

Critics all agree that it is important to know *when* to stop. I might write a great deal more, but I will practise the art of omission and only say that Lieutenant Marmaduke Retord (though I call him Duke now we are engaged) is "passing through" here as often as his regimental duties allow. He says when the war is over he is coming to "sojourn."

"Have you seen *The Frogs*, that new play by Aristophanes?" asked Socrates of Alcibiades.

"No," answered Alcy, "I haven't seen the play but I have read the book."

This shows us that there were bromides just about as soon as there was anything else.

"Some of the soldiers in the European war display great courage, don't they?"

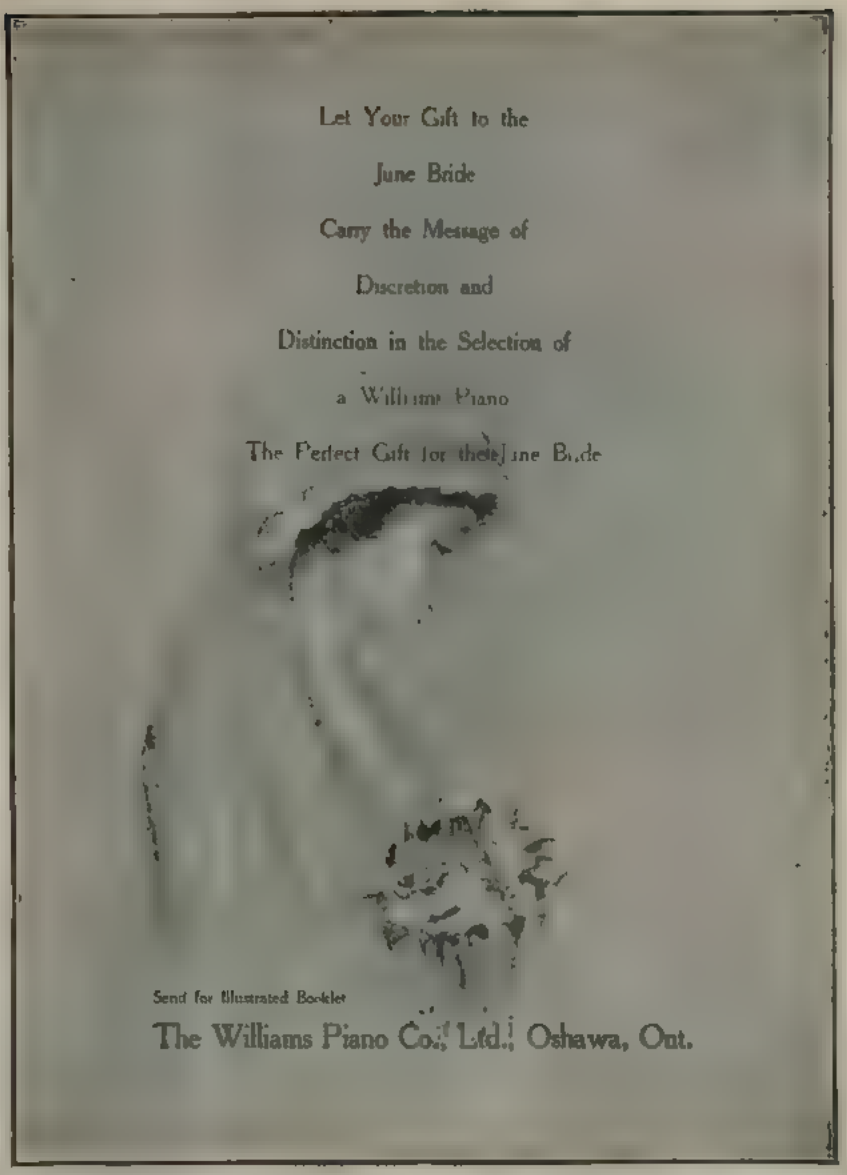
"I suppose so. But I saw an example of great nerve right here at home that I don't think the war can beat. Naybur had just hailed a street car, when he saw the manager of the traction company coming along in his automobile. He waved the street car away and asked the manager for a ride."

How Canada Produces Your Loaf of Bread

WHEN you take in your loaves of bread from the baker's delivery wagon at your door, do you ever stop to think of the vast amount of capital, labor and machinery that have gone to the making of this finished product? Let us examine for a moment the processes that are going on in Canada from year to year.

During 1915 there were under wheat cultivation in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta no less than 11,659,700 acres by more than 200,000 farmers, whose farms and property are valued at some $5,000,000,000.00. With this equipment a crop of 376,303,600 bushels, valued at over $400,000,000.00, was raised; in order to harvest which 22,500 laborers were brought west from Eastern Canada, over and above the labor secured locally. After harvesting, the grain was stored in local elevators, having a total capacity of 90,941,500 bushels at one time. Of the total crop, 35,000,000 bushels are reserved for seed, feed and country mills, leaving 341,303,600 bushels to be marketed. To haul this grain to Fort William and Port Arthur, Ontario, or to Duluth, Minn., at the head of the Great Lakes, 310,276 standard grain cars, each holding 1,100 bushels are required. At Duluth there is an elevator capacity of 15,600,000 bushels; at Fort William, one of 18,750,000 bushels; and at Port Arthur one of 16,950,000 bushels—of which no less than 10,000,000 are represented by the Canadian Northern Railway Elevator, which is the largest in the world. From these elevators the grain is transferred to the freight vessels of the Great Lakes, which carry it to the mills or to Montreal, where it is re-transferred to ocean freights for export. According to the last census figures, there are in Canada 1,141 mills with plant and equipment valued at $20,165,064, producing $52,494,826 worth of flour and grist. The flour once produced, either finds its way to the oven of the home kitchen through the retail grocer, or is taken into 323 factories with plant and equipment valued at $8,666,497, which turn out $25,566,691 worth of bread, biscuits and confectionery.

And so we find ourselves back at the door, taking in the bread from the delivery man. Did space permit, a very interesting investigation could be made of each process in all its stages. We could see the farmer loughing, seeding, reaping and thresl .g; we could follow the grain through the local elevator into the grain car on the siding; and the freight train from that siding to the terminal elevators at the head of the Lakes, where a slow but pleasant water journey would be involved.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June Bride
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Discretion and
Distinction in the Selection of
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Certain-teed Roofing

Guaranteed to last 5, 10 and 15 years according to ply. This guarantee is backed by the world's largest manufacturers of roofing and building papers

CERTAIN TEED is economical weather proof smooth surfaced permanent. CERTAIN TEED is safer than wood shingles looks better than galvanized iron or tin is easier to lay and cheaper than either

CERTAIN TEED is made from the best quality roofing felt, thoroughly saturated with the General's own brand of soft asphalts and coated with a harder blend which prevents the soft saturation from drying out. It is very different from the cheap ready roofing sold by mail

Get CERTAIN TEED from your dealer whom you know and can rely upon. Sold by good dealers all over Canada at reasonable prices

General Roofing Mfg. Co.

World's largest manufacturers of roofing & building papers
Distributing centers: Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, St. John's, N. F., Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver.

After a Hard Day's Work

rub the tired muscles with a few drops of the soothing, refreshing, antiseptic liniment Absorbine, Jr. You will find it pleasant and convenient to use and remarkably efficacious.

Absorbine, Jr., invigorates jaded muscles, limbers the joints and prevents second-day soreness and lameness after a strenuous, tiresome day of sport or work.

Absorbine Jr.

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

combines efficiency with safety, being made of pure herbs and is positively non-poisonous. Then too Absorbine, Jr. is a safe, powerful germicide which makes it especially valuable as an application for cuts, bruises and sores. No danger of infection if Absorbine, Jr. is applied promptly. A bottle of Absorbine, Jr., kept handy for emergencies is excellent health and [illegible]

USE ABSORBINE, JR., wherever a high-grade liniment or a positive germicide is indicated

$1.00 a bottle at druggists or postpaid.

A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be sent to your address on receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. Young, P. D. F.
312 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

NUMBER 6

Catalogue of a Collection of Canadian and Miscellaneous Books and Pamphlets

[illegible]

THE ABOVE LISTS SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO.
CONFEDERATION LIFE BLDG.
Canadian Publications a Specialty. TORONTO

Finally, we could inspect the plant of one of the big milling companies and make the tour of some well-known bakery. In order to do all these things, however, it would be necessary to fill a good-sized book; still, by way of illustration we might take a hasty peep into the workings of the mammoth grain elevator at Port Arthur, to which I have already referred.

Were I a technical expert I could give you an impressive description that you would not understand but, as it is, plain English must suffice. Armed with the necessary permit on a recent visit to the town I trudged across the extensive yards which indicate the tremendous railroad activity at this point of transhipment and, by picking my way past an apparently endless line of box cars, I finally reached the offices which are the brains of this complex organism. Here I was invested with a coat whose sleeves and collar were held fast to wrists and neck with elastic bands, as a protection against the all-pervading, lead-gray dust which attaches itself lovingly and immovably to clothing and features. Everyone and everything is coated with the same dull powder, while the half lights of the interior, although broken here and there by electricity, combine to create the impression of some muscular but bad-tempered giant.

Led by a little Cockney workman, who did his best to talk down to my ignorance, but was only partly successful, I saw two men unloading a car of grain in twenty minutes and saw grain also gushing in an inexhaustible stream into the hold of a lake steamer from one of the mighty spouts that reach out in all directions. I stood at the base of the 225 storage tanks, each with an average capacity of 300,000 bushels, and pondered on the parable of the elephant and the flea; these tanks, I was told, were built of terra cotta and were impervious to heat, cold or damp.

Then I ventured myself in an ambitious bird cage which crawled its precarious way to their summit, where I looked down on those towering pillars of grain. Owing to the dust of which I have spoken, the prospect was not altogether attractive, and I began to have some new ideas on the desirability of bread as fodder, but my guide reassured me that the dirt was only skin deep and proved it by diving his hand into the grime and bringing up the clean gold to the surface. From here also I gained a unique prospect of the city spread out below.

Worthy of note are the ingenious machines for weighing exactly the quantities of grain delivered to vessel or car, as also the restless bands plying here and yon, on whose broad surface there was borne a river of wheat or oats with a purpose too large for my unskilled mind to grasp. Everywhere in

Continued on page 127.

For Excessive Perspiration

WHEN tired and heated, No Mo Odo Toilet Water is cooling and restful.

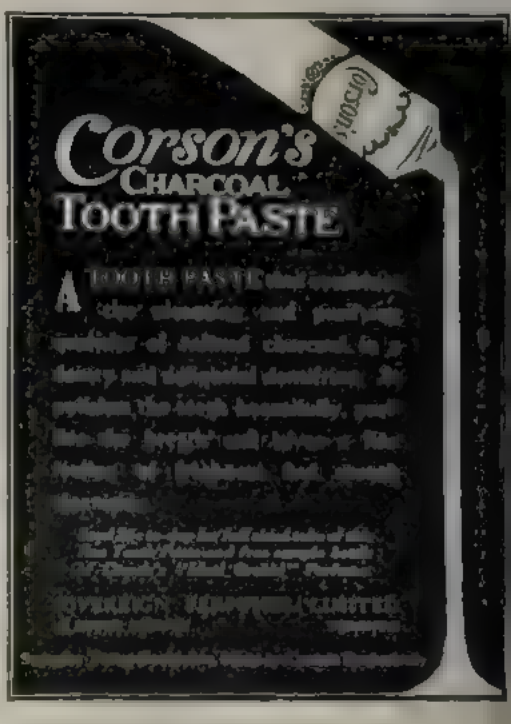
The excessive perspiration from which many nervous women suffer is invariably due to over-sensitive nerves which affect the sweat glands of certain parts of the body parts about [illegible] No-Mo-Odo Toilet Water are [illegible] It soothes and cools the sensitive glands and causes the secretions to become normal.

No-Mo-Odo TOILET WATER

is perfectly harmless—does not retard the natural action of the skin pores but has a tonic effect on the perspiratory ducts and dispels all [illegible] odor

Only 50c a bottle at drug and department stores; or sent direct prepaid if you mention this advertisement

WM. H. LEE, Druggist
Toronto, . . . Canada
C. M. Dept.



A $30 Bicycle GIVEN TO EVERY BOY

Just a little pleasant easy work for us in your own neighborhood. No experience needed, any bright boy or girl can do the work and easily earn a fine Bicycle. Write for full details of our BIG GIFT OFFER to boys and girls. A postcard will do. Address

CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.

The Bilingual Issue in Canada

Continued from page 75.

Meanwhile, the French-speaking minority in Ontario had appealed, not in vain, for aid and sympathy to their compatriots in the Province of Quebec. An organization was formed to defend the rights of the French language in Canada. Hon. N. A. Belcourt, ex-speaker of the House of Commons, and now a member of the Dominion Senate, was retained as leading counsel for the association, and he is now carrying to the Imperial Privy Council an appeal from the judgment of the Ontario Courts upholding the validity of Regulation Seventeen.

The cause of the French language in Ontario has been earnestly championed by Henri Bourassa's paper, "Le Devoir," by "L'Action Catholique" and by "Le Droit," a French daily established in Ottawa for that purpose. Collections have been taken up in Quebec for the "wounded" in Ontario, and school boards are permitted by law to contribute from their funds. The Legislature of Quebec by a unanimous vote has deplored the educational situation in Ontario and it has been frequently discussed from the bilingual side of the question in both houses of the Dominion Parliament.

It would be difficult to further discuss the school question without risk of possible offence, and after all I think it is only symptomatic. One of the chief objections to Regulation Seventeen has been eliminated by the recent authoritative announcement that Regulation No. 15 is still in force. Few among the most extreme bilingulists are unwilling to admit that all Ontario children should receive an English education or that the Province may so declare as a matter of public policy. The difficult and delicate task is to enforce that policy with such firmness and yet with such tact as to convince everyone that not only the real but the sole object in view is the welfare of the child.

The broader question of the official status of the French language outside of Quebec, if such status it has, under the Constitution will still remain, but it will lose much of its sting when disentangled from the school question.

Some Letters of a V. A. D.

Continued from page 81.

grates, which accomplishment, more than any other, endears a V. A. D. to the heart of Lady Barwood. Sir John Barwood is the owner of Highfield Park and he offered it as a hospital for Canadians. Lady Barwood acts as chatelaine and you would love to see the thorough-going way in which she discharges her duties. She sleeps in a

EVAPORATED (Unsweetened) CONDENSED (Sweetened)

Best by Government Test
"CANADA FIRST" MILK

THE Dominion Government Department of Inland Revenue Bulletin No. 208, issued in 1910, showed "Canada First" to be the leader in food value and richness. Bulletin No. 305, issued in 1915, shows "Canada First" still in the lead.

OYSTER SOUP FOR SIX

1 can "Canada First" Evaporated (unsweetened) Milk
5 cups cold water
2 tablespoons butter
50 oysters
Salt
Pepper
1 teaspoon cornstarch

Drain oysters, pour two cups water over them and allow it to drain into the liquor. Let liquor come to a boil and skim, add milk diluted with three cups water.

Rub butter and cornstarch together until smooth and add to liquor as soon as it boils, stir continually until it boils again, add oysters, stir until all comes to a boil, season with salt and pepper.

ASK FOR
"CANADA FIRST"
And SEE that you get it.
AYLMER CONDENSED MILK CO., LIMITED

MADE IN CANADA

Write TO-DAY for illustrated Booklet describing the various styles and sizes of Elite and Peerless Folding Tables. It's FREE.

BEHIND THE DOOR

ALWAYS ready when you want it—for cards—luncheon—sewing—writing. New uses are found daily for the light, strong, compact

ELITE FOLDING TABLE

Everyone who sees one, wants one. The finest thing ever invented for apartments and small houses. Never in the way. Costs but a trifle, and yet you would not part with it for love or money if you couldn't get another. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him

HOURD & COMPANY, LIMITED
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers.
London, Ontario

Take a

KODAK

with you.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

Catalogue free at your dealer's, or by mail.

TORONTO

50¢ CONGRESS GOLD EDGES PLAYING CARDS

SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS

HOYLE UP-TO-DATE THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES IS ISSUED YEARLY

25¢ BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

SELLING AGENTS IN CANADA

MADE IN CANADA

For Social Play

Congress Playing Cards, by Art designed To please the eye and entertain the mind

Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

For General Play

The Non-skid tread of Bicycle Playing Cards girdles the World.

Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

tiny room under the eaves, where, I suppose one of her maids slept in "ante-bellum days" and she gets up at seven and works until nine, with two hours off in the afternoon, just as the rest of us do. She regards each new V. A. D. with suspicion, the suspicion that it's excitement, not work she wants, and greets her with the invariable query.

"Can you brush grates?"

Usually she declares, they can't, but, "If a girl can brush grates and do it well I can make something of her."

Of course most of us are looking forward, admittedly or not, to soothing some hero's fevered brow, and some of the girls have been bitterly disappointed and not a little resentful at having to help with the housework instead.

This morning Lady Barwood took me with her to "turn out" a store room. It was just the day for spring cleaning and made me think of our old Maggie at home whose sole delight in a fine Monday seemed to be due to its drying qualities as her only satisfaction in the return of spring was the way the sunlight showed up the dust and the zest it put into her for beating rugs and washing windows. Lady Barwood seems to be a born housewife and perhaps she is only just discovering the joys of the spring cleaning. I, myself, I must say, entered into it with a new enthusiasm and soon blankets were airing and orderlies were carrying out mattresses and pillows to a sunny garden all laid out in blooming borders and flecked with the shadows of blossoming trees. The day was a great success and I believe Lady Barwood thinks I'll "do".

Our uniforms are lovely—a beautiful soft blue, and we wear on our heads a large white kerchief folded diagonally and the folded edge drawn closely about the head while the ends float free. A tow-headed person like me would naturally choose a hospital where the uniforms were blue, wouldn't she?

I have always heard that in military hospitals not a nurse, and certainly not a V. A. D., "dare peep" but nobody has squelched me yet and the surgeon-in-chief has been ever so nice ever since I was first presented to him, on which occasion he was in high spirits over having just removed a piece of bone from a man's leg and grafted it into his collar bone with conspicuous success

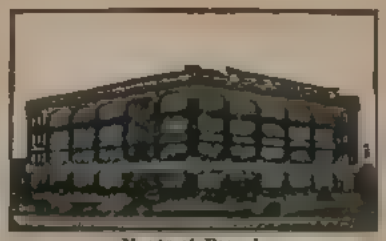
It is really amazing the things they do here. One man who had part of his jaw shot away and his teeth shot out looks perfectly normal and all right. He is also the wag of the hospital and in speaking of his wound he said to me,

"I got it for picking up wood on a Sunday."

$1,724,000 for New Buildings in Canada Since the War Began

WHY?

Toronto Branch
Area 133,000 sq. ft. Cost $328,000



Montreal Branch
Area 124,000 sq. ft. Cost $333,000

Winnipeg Branch
Area 123,000 sq. ft. Cost $250,000

London, Ont. Branch
Area 49,872 sq. ft. Cost $161,000

Is Canada prosperous?

Are we justified in having the courage and confidence to put on full speed ahead in our business activities?

The experience of the Canadian Ford Company since that never-to-be-forgotten Aug 1, 1914, indicates that courage and confidence should be away above par, that we are fully justified in casting aside anxiety and putting our full energy into an aggressive and progressive business policy.

It was some time before the outbreak of war that the Ford Canadian Company decided on an extremely broad policy of expansion.

If the demand for Ford cars should increase in the way that it had every indication of doing, then new buildings would have to be started at once to enable the company to meet this demand.

When war came the Ford Canadian executives saw no reason to change their plans—their confidence in Canada's prosperity never wavered.

So work was begun on a new building at Ford City costing $452,000. This is used as an addition to the office building and to the main factory building. It adds 130,000 square feet of floor space to the Ford Plant, bringing the total up to more than 9 [illegible]

Then followed a new machine shop costing $90,000. The power plant was also enlarged at a cost of $110,000.

In four leading Canadian cities, handsome new buildings were erected as branch assembly plants, sales and service stations. Each one is as large as many automobile factories. All are of similar construction, being modern fire-proof buildings of brick and reinforced concrete trimmed with mat glazed terra cotta. The bases are of granite. The interiors are finished and fitted in accordance with the very best modern practice.

One of the branch buildings is located at Montreal, 119-139 Laurier Ave., East. It is a four story building containing 124,000 square feet of floor space and costing $333,000. Over 100 people are employed here.

The Ford branch at Toronto, 672-682 Dupont St., is a five-story building containing 132,000 square feet of floor space. The number of employes is about 150.

The third new branch building is at London, Ontario at 680-690 Waterloo Street. It is a three story structure having 49,872 square feet of floor space and was erected at a cost of $161,000.

The immensely increasing demand for Ford cars in Western Canada made it necessary to build a fourth new branch at Winnipeg. This is a handsome five story building located at the corner of Portage Avenue and Wall Street. A quarter of a million dollars was put into its construction.

The total cost of these new buildings erected by the Ford Canadian Company since war began is $1,724,000. Additional to this are thousands of dollars spent to equip these buildings.

Why has this been done?

First, to provide Ford owners with greater service facilities. Each of these branches is so completely equipped with parts and machinery as to be able to build a Ford car complete. Also they act as a base for the hundreds of Ford dealers in their part of the country, each of whose place of business is a well equipped Ford service station, in giving more rapid and more efficient service to Ford owners.

The second reason for this great amount of development work is to be found in the attitude of the Ford Canadian executives. If these men had followed the policy of many Canadian manufacturers they, with seeming good judgment, might have held up these plans for such enormously expensive construction work.

But such was not their attitude. They were convinced that progress and prosperity were assured in Canada.

This decision was of vast benefit to Canadian industries, Canadian merchants and Canadian workmen in such a critical time as this. Practically all the material for these buildings was purchased in Canada. Canadian workmen were employed in their construction. And after the construction work was over, the whole community benefitted from the enthusiastic, successful, wealth producing and distributing activities of these big establishments.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout - - - $480
Ford Touring - - - - 530
Ford Coupelet - - - - 730
Ford Sedan - - - - - 890
Ford Town Car - - - 780
f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

8-D

All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

"Silver Gloss"

Canada's finest Laundry Starch

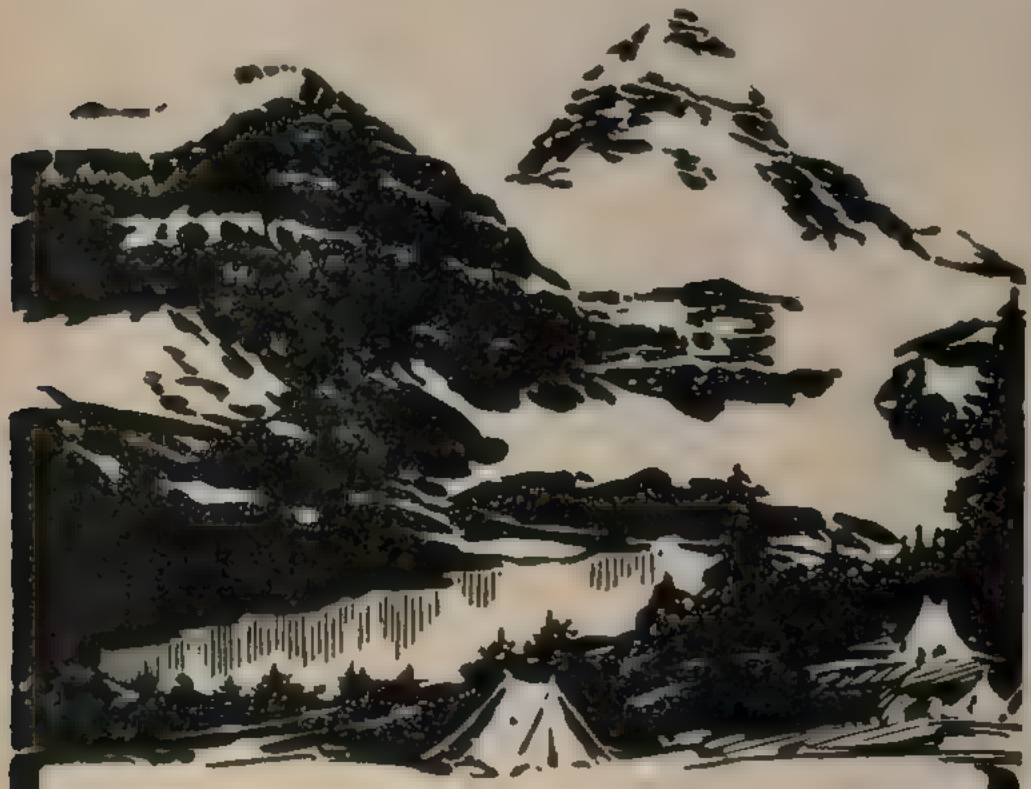
Three generations of Canadian housewives have used "Silver Gloss" for all their home laundry work. They know that "Silver Gloss" always gives the best results. At your grocer's.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED

Montreal Cardinal Brantford Fort William

Makers of "Crown Brand" and "Lily White Corn Syrups, and Benson's Corn Starch

384



PROUD OLD ASSINIBOINE

Overlord of peak, glacier and avalanche in THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES, neighbor to Banff, with its Hot Springs Hotel luxuriously up-to-date, solid in home comforts. Everything Canadian Pacific Standard—None better. Make the Canadian Pacific Hotels your home this summer. Drive, ride, tramp, climb mountains, canoe, play golf and tennis.

BANFF--LAKE LOUISE--FIELD--GLACIER--BALFOUR

Don't miss them on your western trip. Reached by the Canadian Pacific. For further particulars of these cool summer places call or write for Booklet to any C. P. R. agent.

A. O. SEYMOUR,
Tourist Agent,
MONTREAL.

"No," he said, "It was a machine gun, with much satisfaction," they fired two hundred rounds of ammunition before they got me."

Now I must run dear, but I really forgot to tell you that the weather was very unpropitious yesterday and the officer who was to conduct that aviation test had to be in London to-day so it has been postponed. As soon as I know the result of it you shall hear.

Lovingly,
ANGELA.

Highfield Park,
May 11th.

Dearest Glad—The men seem to love to come to this hospital and I don't wonder. Everything is done for them and the surroundings, outdoors and in are delightful. The entrance hall and one or two rooms have been left as they were, with beautiful rugs and pictures, but in the wards hospital beds and white-enamelled dressing stands rub elbows in the funniest way with lovely old pieces of Sheraton and Heppelwhite.

Often the wounded are brought from Dover clutching a German helmet with every atom of strength they have left. These are their most treasured trophies and they would rather lose anything else.

Sometimes the men talk of the horrors over there but not very often. One poor fellow who cannot get away from the hideous nightmare even here and is soon to go back to the hideous reality writes his mother that he has a nice safe post as secretary of the hospital.

"She's be worried to death," he says, "If she knew I was wounded.

I went for a walk with Bobbie yesterday and everything was so beautiful, but though all the landscape was woven like a pattern, the upright figures in khaki and the spreading white cones of the tents.

"Though our world may be all upside down at the moment somebody writes in a London paper," the glory of the country is unchanged. I don't think I have ever seen it look more beautiful than it does just now. Still, even in most rural England, war comes to the lanes. I met a column of troops on the march in a lane many miles from a station. They were singing a ragtime song in a way no Englishman can sing it. They had the trans-Atlantic accent perfectly—and no wonder—they were Canadians. It seemed very strange in peaceful England, and stranger still to hear the little village boys trying to imitate the Canadian accent.

And now, my dear, I am absolutely fagged and must go to bed. I never dreamed I had so many different

muscles each capable of setting up a seperate ache in protest against unaccustomed repetition of household tasks But they will soon all be inured to their new duties and I do love my work, even if it is, in itself, prosaic.

Good night then, old girl,

Yours ever,

ANGELA.

Highfield Park,
May 13th.

Oh, my dear, I am so worried I don't know what to do. This afternoon while I was spending my hours off in the garden I saw signs of activity in the region of the aviation field, which is not many miles away. Over the tree-tops one great bird after another rose in its wonderful flight and I watched breathlessly, feeling sure that this was the test in which Bobbie was to take part and wondering which of the machines might be the one he was controlling.

Then I saw one go up swifter and higher than any of the others. Up and up it went till I thought it would never come down and when I thought that I began to be sure that Bobbie was in it. But suddenly it tilted and pointed towards the earth until it was flying almost perpendicularly. Flying, did I say? Glad, it was plunging earthward like some wounded creature only just steadying its swift descent by its great wings. I imagined I could hear it crash to the ground but a low range of wooded hills hid it from my view.

Then, without a moment's respite I was on duty again. I am taking the place of a V. A. D. who is on leave for a few days, so had work to do in the wards and did it so badly that I shall certainly never be promoted permanently. I couldn't think of anything but Bobbie and that awful plunge and with my mind away over there I did the most dreadful things. I went to the little unprovised diet-kitchenette to make an egg-nog for a patient and had so little realization of what I was doing that the egg slipped out of my limp fingers and I only missed it when I heard it break on the floor.

Now I am off duty and oh, Glad, I cannot tell even you how I feel about Bobbie. What a blind idiot I have been!

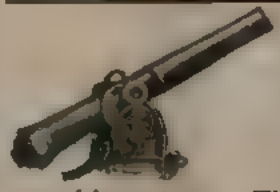
And, do you know, I heard only yesterday in a letter from home that in all those months that we thought he was contentedly painting his pretty portraits and never thinking of the war—although we did have the grace, or the presumption to make excuses for him—he was offering himself at regular intervals and training himself quietly so that he would some day be able to meet the physical requirements.

It's no use trying to sleep so I am

A Head of Wheat—Its History

It grew on a western prairie. Nature stored its every layer with the elements we need. Each grain, at the harvest, had 125 million food cells. It was a fine example of a major food.

The farmer found the grains hard, extra large and plump. He said, "That wheat is too good to grind. It is a wheat to serve whole." So he sent in to our buyer, who shipped it to our mill.



Huge guns awaited it. The kernels were sealed up in one of them. Then the gun was revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in each food cell was converted into steam. Then the gun was shot; the cells exploded. And the whole grains came out, airy, crisp and porous, puffed to eight times normal size.

Then those grains came to a table. They came as thin, fragile bubbles, with a taste like toasted nuts. They were served with cream, or in bowls of milk. And someone tasted in them the most fascinating wheat food known.

Puffed Wheat 12c
Puffed Rice 15c
Except in Far West

That is how Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are created, under Prof. Anderson's process. The finest whole grains are made wholly digestible. Every food cell is blasted.

There are, of course, other whole-grain foods. But not with each food cell exploded. Not with every atom fitted to digest.

In Puffed Wheat you are serving an unrobbed wheat. Puffed Rice is unrobbed rice. In both of them every element feeds. And both are food confections.

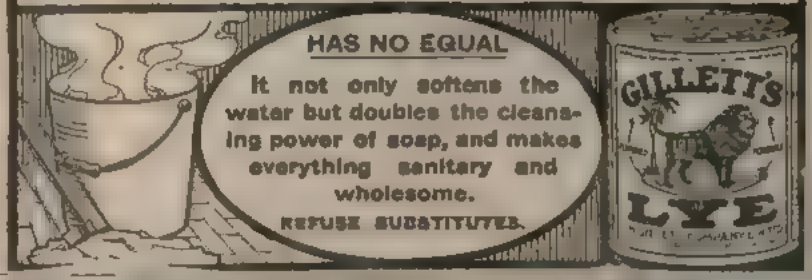
Do you think you are serving such foods as these as often as you should?

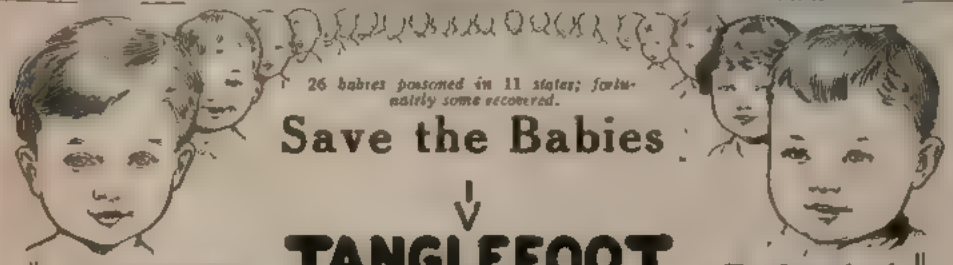
The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont. [1311] **Saskatoon, Sask.**

GILLETT'S LYE


HAS NO EQUAL
It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.
GILLETT'S
LYE



26 babies poisoned in 11 states; fortunately some recovered.

Save the Babies

TANGLEFOOT

Catch the disease carrying fly that strays into your home with *safe, efficient, non-poisonous TANGLEFOOT;* not arsenic poison in an open saucer set within reach of the baby, or a can from which a poisoned wick protrudes, sweetened to attract both flies and babies.

Flies kill many babies, and fly poison more than all other poisons combined—

—But in homes where careful mothers have protected their babies from such risks by using only TANGLEFOOT, both dangers are avoided.

The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society reports 26 cases of arsenical poisoning from fly destroyers in 1915 in only 11 states; in 1914 there were 46 cases in 14 states.

It states editorially:

"Symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of cholera infantum, undoubtedly a number of cases of cholera infantum were really cases of arsenical poisoning, but death if occurring was attributed to cholera infantum.

"We repeat, arsenical fly destroying devices are dangerous and should be abolished. Health officials should become aroused to prevent further loss of life from their source. Our Michigan Legislature, this last session, passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers."

Made in Canada by THE O. & W. THUM CO., Walkerville, Ont.

American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich. (65)

The Land of Fishing Thrills

A Sportsman's Paradise where the cool waters of

Wild, Unspoiled Lakes and Rivers

Give the salmon and speckled trout and gamy black bass fighting qualities to delight the most ardent angler, making

ALGONQUIN PARK, (Ontario)

A Vacation Territory to Dream About. It offers canoe trips through myriads of waterways, with ideal camping grounds among forests of pines and balsams

2000 Feet Above the Sea

Fine accommodations for those who love the social side of resort life can be had at Highland Inn at Algonquin Park Station, or in the novel and comfortable Log Camps Nominigan and Minnesing.

Handsomely illustrated advertising matter and full information supplied free on application to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

going out into the garden for a little while.

Good-night, Glad,

ANGELA.

Later.

Oh, my dear, my dear, just as I was passing through the main hall a man came to the door with a note for me. It was Bobbie's batman. He had brought me messages before and when I saw him my heart leaped into my mouth. He looked excited and evidently could not keep from talking.

"Oh, miss, he said, Mr. Willard made a wonderful flight. Everybody's talking about it. The like was never seen before. He shot to earth like an arrow and only a few yards from the ground brought his machine to an angle and glided onto the finishing-point like a bit of thistle-down."

In my relief I could have hugged the man for his enthusiastic mixture of metaphors.

Bobbie had just written to say that he had passed the test and was leaving at once for France.

"The machine was a new one to me," he said, "and I had no chance to try anything before I started so I began by cautiously working with levers and pedals. Soon I was going up and up and couldn't find what to do to get down. My chances of touching earth again began to grow quite visionary and I meditated tying onto a comet's tail and getting a tow in the right direction. But suddenly I got hold of the right thing, or something, anyway, that started me down but on a perpendicular line which was a surprise to me. I tried to right myself but on I went with my nose pointing straight towards the earth. I certainly thought I was done for but I kept on clutching at things with both my hands and my feet and at the very last moment it could possibly have been done I found myself coming to a level, and I landed neatly on the very spot selected for the wind-up.

"I guess you think I'm a colossal idiot, Angela, to go into this thing I know so little about but I had my difficulties getting into anything and I like flying and think I shall pick up the mechanics of the thing very soon."

I'm the idiot, I realize now Glad. However, we'll say no more about that for, having made such a goose of myself I'll have to do the best I can with what is left to me and try to forget about the rest.

Good-night again. It's a comfort to be able to talk to you, even at long distance like this.

ANGELA.

EDITOR'S NOTE—How Bobbie served his country in France, and how the V. A. D. did her bit also, are told in "More Letters of a V. A. D." in the July issue.

Strange Oaths

Continued from page 78.

in German but blotted the gutturals with soft Tyrolese accents.

"Perhaps you're right; still I've a mind——"

'Hi, there!" this was another voice yelling Prussian from the farther bank, "is the water very deep hereabouts—too deep for the nags to wade?"

'About up to their bellies," one of the Austrians answered quickly.

A horse splashed in the water—then another—then another—then a whole herd of them. A band of cavalry was returning from the fray. The waves gurgled around them as the animals dashed, spurred on by the bite of the chill, across the pool; grunting angrily as they came, the troopers urging them forward with hoarse oaths. The river swept in wild gyrations and the boat, lifted as by an assault, rushed with one scared bound into the onward sweeping of the flood. Vincent was saved.

FOR half-an-hour longer the tiny craft dangled along, fussing with the stream, sticking a provoking nose into the muddy banks, grabbing at each snag in the course to hang and totter moment after moment. At every turn were the cries of German soldiers, laughing, cursing, calling to each other across the dusk, ordered into quiet by their imperative young officers. Then the boat snuggled up to the bank, dropped into a side-eddy, made up its mind that the berth was a good one and—stopped short.

Rupert slid his eyes out into the dark and faced a group of gray-clad forms gathered around a torch on the bank. He snuggled back again with a jerk. The soldiers caught sight of his craft.

'Holloa," cried one, "—hay!"

"Hay," answered a harsh voice from the dark beyond, "you'd best secure it."

The first man—at least Rupert guessed he must be the first man—came jumping down to the bank and stretched forth an eager hand; he grabbed the boat; Rupert felt it quiver beneath the jostle of his hand. Then came a pulling and yanking above his very face.

"Fooled again," the voice of the German soldier was merry and hearty "it's straw."

"All right—leave her alone."

But the man did not leave the boat Alone. Go along to fool the Frenchies," he jeered, and pushed the prow with disgusted foot.

After that the stream widened with the incoming of another mite of a river and the boat, sedately taking the centre, budged on and on. After a longer time the pop-pop-pop of the bursting shells grew near until the

Room? Lots Of It!

Work around your car as much as you have to, rainy days or not. There's plenty of elbow-room, as well as light and air in

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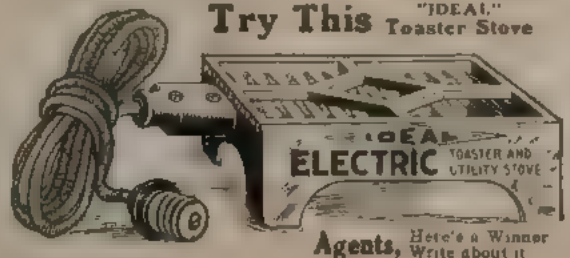

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racket of them deafened the boy under his hay, while the flash of their going blinked again and again across his eyes; evidently the belligerents could not cease from the habit of firing even when night made it ineffective. The flashes grew clearer, the roar grew louder; for a half-hour it was deafening—then it mellowed away into a dimming distance. Rupert knew that he had passed inside the French lines at the point where the little river bends to sweep Westward towards the Loire.

THRUSTING the straw to the right and left he sat up.

Before him an orange glow smudged across the horizon. Leading from it and towards it a faint length of lights marked out the highroad, clustering close they marked the bridge across the stream. The smudge was Epernay. Behind him the battle, easing from its furore, flared and died, flared and died, like waves upon a beach, regular, rhythmic; its noise swung in beats to its flashes, each roar a dozen seconds behind its flash. Underneath him the water still bellowed, but softly, the yell of it deadened by the deeper current. The boy sat up in his boat, clasping his hands together tightly, breathing hard. In a moment he had dug Vincent from beneath the covering and, pulling his head with one swift movement across his knees, crooned over him with bent face. Remembering the German he stooped closer and kissed the lips of the lad; then blushed at himself in the darkness. All the Anglo-Saxon in him revolted against the moment's gush of sentiment. It was very lonely, almost quiet, in that interval between the thunders of the war and he leaned back into the straw, cuddling his brother's body up to him, thinking, thinking.

He knew what he had to do—he was an honorable man. But he was young. The youth in him clamored for life. He was glad to fling all he had down before the woman he adored - but -but he wondered if she would ever know—ever understand. He ached to go to her—to say "I'm doing it for you and for the mothering you gave me all those past years" and, perhaps, she would never know. The night seemed full of her, of her beauty, her softness, her unselfish devotion: he stretched out his hand to touch her face it was so near. When he realized how far away that face had gone, so far that he should never see it again, a long sob strangled in his throat. A lad of another nation would have let the sob come out, the Canadian tried to turn it into a snigger of amusement at his own "girlishness." "It's the loss of blood," he assured himself, "I'm softer than a rag, I'm punk."

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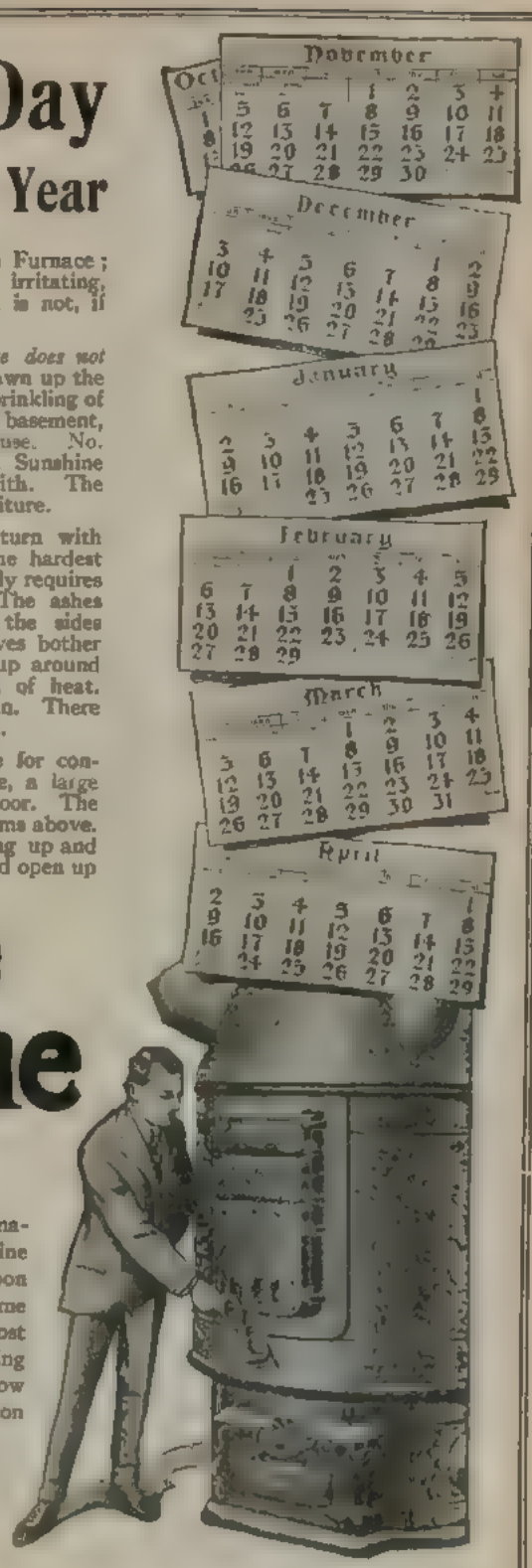

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He smiled grimly back at the flame-lit night.

Above him, suddenly because he had forgotten it, something humped itself across the water. It was crowned by knots of lamps. The fear of the Zeppelin had not yet come upon the land. At the Epernay end of the bridge a group of shadows chattered softly.

Rupert called at them.

"Who's there?" a voice responded in French.

"An English officer escaped from battle."

There was a rush of feet, a chorus of congratulating voices, white hands stretched out through the dusk. One man offered the hilt of a sword and pulled the boat to the bank.

THE hour of noon was just tolling from the belfry of the village on the hill when the four officers stopped their automobile at a spot opposite that from which young Hughes had made his escape. Rupert descended, leaving the other men in the car. The aid-de-camp handed him a white flag, silently.

"Mr. Hughes," said the major, "I have given my consent to this piece of Quixotism because your conscience tells you it is imperative; but I still am unpersuaded that it is your duty to surrender yourself up. You broke your parole, it is true, and that was a dishonorable thing—even under the circumstances dishonorable; but now that you are safely within the English lines the only sensible course is—to stay there. I must warn you again that you will be shot the moment you reach the German entrenchments."

"Perhaps when they learn why—" the aid-de-camp rushed to the rescue.

The Major roughed him down," It means death. If a German has a soul; it's tied up with red tape, sealed with red wax, and stamped. Red tape knows no mercy." His eyes grew gloomy.

"I think," murmured the Captain softly, "that when a chap really hits the right thing, don't you know, he doesn't mind death." His eyes lit with a subtle glow and Rupert, gazing at him, flushed with the thrill of response.

The aid-de-camp laughed boyishly, nervously. "I say, Hughes," he cried, "I always thought you the plug ugliest fellow in the mess but—but—somehow you're no end handsome just now."

The boy turned hastily away and stepped outward towards the trenches of the enemy. Then he turned shortly. "You will give him the letters—when he's strong enough," he said, "and now—good-bye."

The three men in the machine arose and took off their caps, standing bareheaded to the glittering sun. "Good-bye," they chorused. There was a silence and the Captain spoke haltingly, shyly gawky at saying a word so needed and so kind

"We will pray for you—all of us—" shouted the Captain after him.

Rupert sent him back a smile.

He walked quietly along, his face towards the far encampment. After a while a group of soldiers with an officer in command appeared on the rim of the German trenches advancing to meet him, but in a moment the officer stepped in front of the rest and ran swiftly before the others. As he ran he waved Rupert back—back—back. His gestures were passionate. His arms throbbed entreaties. Rupert recognized his pretty blond face and remembered that he "hated not the English." The young American turned his head and found that the three British officers still stood, their heads bared to the golden day.

He saluted gravely; they gravely responded. Then Rupert Hughes fronted around and walked briskly on to meet the Germans.

The Son of the Otter

Continued from page 103.

sleep, and that he would never see her again. A bad fit of coughing came on and racked his chest. He made the sign of the cross and lay still, accepting the terrible blow with the patience and resignation of his people.

Mititesh had hurried to him and sat near, on a rough bench. She took his thin hand in her own, dry-eyed, in silence, quite overwhelmed by the knowledge, that had come to her quite suddenly, that a further change in her life must take place. Another payment of the heavy toll exacted by the great North upon its people was being made. She had hoped, during the journey, that some of the strength that was returning to her own limbs would also come back to her father; that he would be better, as he had always promised he would.

But soon the other men were at work, skinning stretching pelts, busily engaged with various duties, for the passing away of one man cannot be permitted to delay the toil of others. The only difference was that Paul forbore to hum or whistle some merry tune.

After a long time Jean Caron closed his eyes and appeared to sleep. Then Mititesh arose and looked about her. From her earliest childhood she had always labored to help. She did not feel tired now, and began to look over the garments that hung from pegs in the walls, and mended some rents in them. Also she darned holes in huge socks and scrubbed the meager outfit of pots and pans till they shone again.

using ashes from the stove. But constantly she interrupted her work to attend to the wants of the sick man, to whom she ministered with loving patience during the day, and even in the long night that finally came on.

But the next day, very early, as the last stars were going out, a long time before the rising of the sun, Ahteck spoke.

"We will have to go," he said. "Thou knowest that the traps must be looked over. It will take me two days. Paul also is going, but another way. If I can do so I will return to-morrow night, but the journey is long. I cannot tell. Then on the next day I will turn to the south again, I think, and go to look over your line. It will take all of four days. Here is where the tea is kept, but thou knowest. Here is also the flour and the salt, and there is fat melted in this kettle. Thou knowest where the sugar is. There is not very much but take of it according to thy needs, for thy father says the sugared water helps his cough."

The two young men went over to the sick man's bunk and pressed his hand, gently. After this they stepped out of the shack and began to tie on their snowshoes, with the utmost care. Mititesh watched them from the door sill, looking wistfully at their preparations. Their guns were in their hands and their packs upon their backs, and they were about to start when Ahteck, looking at her, saw the sad little face. He took a step towards her, remembering the younger children of his mother, and, bending down, gave her a kiss.

"It is the white man's way of departing," he said.

"It is good," she answered in a low voice.

"I would stay with thee if I could," he told her, "but thou knowest I cannot. I will return as soon as I am able.'

Indeed she knew it well. During all her life she had waited. The women were always waiting and hoping, and very often all their hopes were in vain. This waiting was the very hardest part of a woman's work, and now her share of it would be very great. She dreaded the long time that must elapse before Ahteck's return. and—and the evil things that might happen before he could come back—things over which one could have no control. But of course she would wait, patiently, doggedly, long-sufferingly, with the marvelous endurance of her sex, with the firm trustfulness of her childhood, with the brave calmness of her race, and would pray.

After the men had finally disappeared in the long shadows cast by the rising sun the short hours of daylight dragged themselves along, very slowly. By four o'clock it was nearly dark and it had begun to snow again, but the terrible cold had somewhat abated.

There was a small provision of candles, but Mititesh knew that they were very valuable things, always to be used sparingly. From time to time she opened the door of the little stove, to throw in another stick of wood, and for some moments a red glow would light up the shack, casting strange shadows of hanging pelts upon the walls, distorting things into uncanny forms.

It was indeed a weird night that Mititesh spent, one that would surely have tried beyond the breaking point the vital forces of a child nurtured under less harsh surroundings. But the scratching of wood mice did not affect her at all, nor did the hooting of an owl that stationed itself upon a tree near at hand. She was not startled by a sudden shrill cry that may have been uttered by a hare pounced upon, as he lay in the warm form he had trodden down under frost-covered bushes, by the snowy-feathered robber of the night. These were all familiar things, to which she had long been inured. That which tried her soul was the constantly recurring cough of her father, his quiet though patient complaints, his efforts, in the darkness, to mutter a part of the prayers for the dead, heard many times in the little church on the hill at Pointe Bleue. It was for the soul of his wife that he was praying, but to the child it seemed as if he was imploring for the safety of his own, that was about to start for the long journey, and it harrowed her little mind. Through the blackness of the long hours she scarcely slept at all, attending to all his wants. From time to time he stirred, restlessly, calling often for the hot sugared water or asking for the strong tea he longed for exceedingly, as all Indians do, whether hale or ill.

She kept the little kettle simmering upon the stove, adding more water as the need arose, for the Indian wants his tea boiled that the last atom of virtue may be extracted from his scanty store of leaves. The awful, black stuff, bitter as gall, seemed to relieve his cough for some minutes at a time. Once there was a blessed rest, when he fell asleep for about an hour, holding one of her little hands until the clammy coldness gradually chilled her so that at last her teeth were chattering.

The new day came, and went by, and things were not quite so bad, because she was able to find things to do, and busy fingers, at intervals, lessened the keenness of the thoughts that assailed her. Also there was a bare chance that Ahteck would return. He had promised to do his best. It would be so good to have him in the shack, during another night, even if he slept through it. His mere presence would

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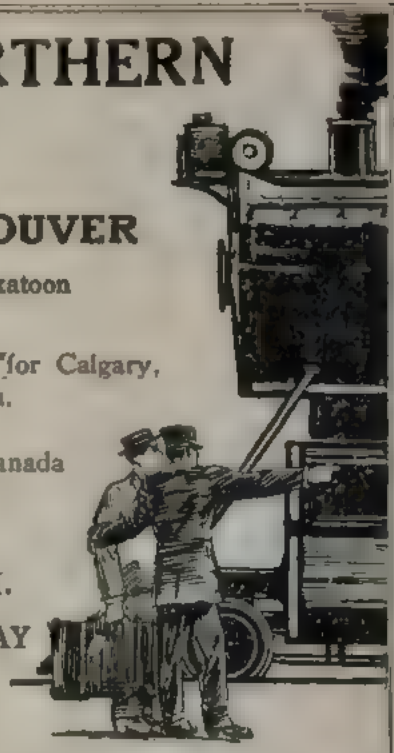

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strengthen her. It was something to hope for. The man never realized that for some years the child had looked upon him as a sort of brother, as one greater than all others not only in stature but also in kindness. To her he was the man who had saved her, who had given her little presents, who had at times brightened the gloom of her little life, while to him she had only been a child, pretty and gentle, to whom any one would have been glad to show friendship and kindliness.

During the afternoon she went out for another provision of the wood which the trappers had accumulated in an immense pile near the shack, and returned to find that, for the first time, her father was sitting up on the bunk She thought that he was breathing more easily, and doubtless the deep red spots over his cheek-bones gave him a deceptive look of health that somewhat misled her He had hardly spoken more than a few words at a time since he had realized that his wife was no more, but now he looked better and spoke at some length

"It has been a very bad year, little Mititesh," he said "And now is the end of the year. Thy mother has gone from us She sleeps in the great wood by the river, and it is well, for these two men will bury her in good time Soon I will also sleep the long sleep, because this is the end of things for me. Now remember always that Ahteck is a good man. Paul is also a very good man, but Ahteck is wiser and much stronger. Do thou whatever Ahteck says. At the breaking up of the ice he will take thee back to Pointe Bleue There the good sisters will take care of thee in the big house that is at Roberval, and the fathers also, as they do for the children of those who die too soon, and of the parents that are left behind in the great woods. They are good people."

Mititesh nodded a sorrowful assent; she could not find any words then.

'My gun has been saved,' he continued. "It is worth but very little The trapping line belongs to thee, with all the traps that are out on it. That is all, but for the little house at Pointe Bleue. All other things are gone, but the canoe that is cached in the woods. It is old. I was thinking to make a new one, but it will never be."

There was an interval of silence. The child was weeping silently

"I am very weary now," he resumed. "It is a sign that the end is near I love thee much, little Mititesh This name was given thee because, on the day of thy birth, I found a fine pearl in the mussels of the Aleck River. Thou art very young to be left alone so soon, and I am sad because I cannot bring thee back to Pointe Bleue myself, in safety, as in other years. I am sorry

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to leave thee, but big Ahteck of Grand Lac will take care of thee, for he has made me a promise."

After this having settled all matters, Jean Caron lay down again, quietly, for he had given up the struggle, and when an Indian does this his life remains but a short time in his body. There was a curious look of contentment upon his thin face, as if all his cares had suddenly been swept away. He had always done his best and, his task once finished, he could peacefully await the end. The call of another world had sounded in his ears, and he was responding.

With the going down of the sun the snow stopped falling. The men, however, had not come, and Mititesh began to resign herself to the drear misery of another long and weary night. She began to cook herself a little supper, listening keenly all the time and often turning to look at her father. It was when she had gone down on her knees, and was finishing her evening prayer, that she arose excitedly. She distinctly heard a voice in the distance.

It was Paul Barotte, the ever-cheerful one, within whose veins a little French blood probably ran. He was plodding home in the beginning dusk and singing:

"Nous v'la partis pour le Grand Nord
Les canots ont une bonne charge
Les voyageurs sont tous a bord
Pousse les gars, pousse bien au large!"

In a few moments he arrived and threw his heavy pack upon the floor.

"*Bonne chance*!" he exclaimed. "I have some good pelts. The new year is beginning well. It may be that good luck has come with thee, little one!"

He lighted a candle and looked at the sick man.

"It seems to me that he is better," he said, in a lowered voice. "See how quietly he is sleeping now."

But little Mititeah shook her head and whispered,

"He no longer says he is getting better. His sleep is very quiet now, but I fear it is the last. He did not awake at thy coming!"

She began at once to prepare more food for Paul, who was pulling off his shoepacks and changing his stockings. There was smoked moose-meat and great pancakes, which he wolfed down with his scalding tea.

And then, an hour later, Ahteck also arrived, very weary but smiling, for he also had found some good fur in his traps.

"It has been a good day's work," he said. "The fisher is a fine pelt and the pair of martens is good. I have been walking very fast. It has been hard, in the last two hours, in the darkness with the new snow."

The girl knew as well as if he had carefully explained everything that he

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must have toiled terribly to reach camp that night. She wondered that the two men had not lost their way in the dark, in which no marks of trail could be seen. Most other men would have camped at night-fall, wherever they chanced to find themselves. She knew that each of them had traveled some fifty miles in the two days, bearing packs, stopping often to clear drifted snow from traps, to take out fur, to replace the bait stolen by the smaller rodents of the woods, to set the springs again. Each time they had lifted the packs again to their backs and hurried on, noting tracks, watchful of everything, for it was always possible that big game might be ahead, that would mean meat and the saving of provisions. She knew that they had done this chiefly for her sake, quietly, naturally, out of the simple goodness of their hearts, to spare her the desolation of another lonely night.

"You are very good," she said, gratefully. "Indeed it was kind of you to hasten back."

To be continued.

How Canada Produces Your Loaf of Bread

Continued from page 112.

the face of apparent chaos it was evident that ordered efficiency prevailed, but my chief impression was one of a game of "Follow Your Leader" upstairs, down ladders, along low and constricted passages, around beams or other obstacles, past silently whirring machinery, while the clouds of dust continuously rose and as continuously settled, and the stream of grain moved ceaselessly under perfect control.

The elevator has a track capacity of thirty cars, and, if necessary, 600 cars could be unloaded and 6,600 bushels of wheat elevated, weighed and binned in one day of two shifts. The grain is taken in hoppers from the cars to the top of the building, where it is weighed and distributed into the respective bins. When transferring grain to a lake steamer, it is taken from the bottom of the bin, elevated to the top, weighed, conveyed to a shipping bin and, from there, "spouted" into the hold by shipping legs. There are five of these legs apiece in two working houses, each leg having a capacity of from 8,000 to 10,000 bushels per hour so that, under ideal conditions, 100,000 bushels of grain could be unloaded from this elevator every hour.

Tremendous — even impossible — as they may seem to the man in the street, my figures are all facts, and as, such, give an interesting insight into all the varied efforts and all the invested capital hidden behind so ordinary an occurrence as the delivery of a five-cent loaf of bread.

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CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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HAS Canada a Future as a manufacturing country? Can she compete in the markets of the world with her manufactories? In what condition will she find herself when peace has been declared? Writing to the general subject of *The Manufacturing Future of Canada* one of our closest students of economic conditions in the Dominion will point out in the August issue of CANADA MONTHLY some of the great possibilities ahead of our country.

Human nature is the same, war or peace. Only we are more apt to notice certain strains of human nature in these hours of stress. Charles Stokes has written a splendid piece of fiction around some features of this human nature. *Miss Sunshine of Alberta* presents a refreshing side of human nature.

The Editors take pleasure in presenting a new writer to readers of CANADA MONTHLY in the August issue. Miss Helen McMurchie, of the School of Domestic Science of the University of Toronto, has written a series of articles dealing with the scientific problems of the kitchen. In her first article, *The Chemistry of Canning*, Miss McMurchie lets her readers into some of the secrets of the laboratory, and tells why the preserves made by one woman are delicious while those of another are a failure.

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Few writers know men like Harry Moore. His sport stories—*Ten Years After Rube Broke the Record* and *Hockey at Iron Cliff* and others—proved this. Another story by this brilliant Canadian writer—*The Reeve of Silver Island*—starts in August. It is all about men. Yes, there is a love thread in the story—a mother's love and the important part it played in one man's life.

Current Events in Review and a liberal installment of *The Son of the Otter*, besides an interesting travelogue by J. Wilbur Read also will be features of the August issue.

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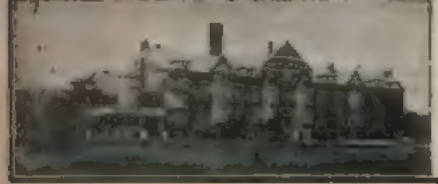

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Headmaster

Calendar sent on application.

"I want my hair cut, and no talk!" said a big man as he walked into the barber's shop and sat down.

"The——" commenced the man in the apron.

"No talk, I tell you!" shouted the big man. "Just a plain hair-cut. I've read all the papers, and don't want any news. Start right away, now!"

The man in the apron obeyed. When he had finished, the man who knew everything rose from the chair and surveyed himself in the glass. "Great Scot!" he exclaimed; "it's really true, then? You barbers can't work properly unless you talk?"

"I don't know," said the man in the apron, quietly, "you must ask the barber. He'll be in presently; I'm the glazier from next door!"

~

In order to impress upon his congregation the length of eternity, a colored preacher used the following illustration:

"If a sparrow, breddern, should take a drop of water from the Atlantic ocean at Coney Island, and with this drop of water in its beak should hop a hop a day until it reached the Pacific ocean at San Franciso, and when it got there should let the drop fall into the Pacific, and when this was done should turn around and hop a hop a day all the way back to Coney Island and get another drop and do the same thing until it had carried the whole Atlantic ocean over into the Pacific, it would then only be early moring in eternity!"

~

An officer drilling a squad of recruits was calling the names, and prompt replies came from Jones and Smith and Robinson.

The next name was Montaig—at least, that was how the officer pronounced it.

There was no reply.

"Montaig," repeated the officer with emphasis.

"Here, sir," came the half-hearted reply from the rear rank.

"Why didn't you answer at once?" said the man in charge.

"My name is Montague," said the recruit.

"Is it?" replied the officer. "Well, you do seven days' fatigew."

A renowned scientist who had been exploring returned to England bringing with him various animals which he intended to present to the Zoological Gardens. He was most particular to see that they were well looked after on board, and was so attached to them that when one of the laughing hyenas was found dead one morning the captain, to whom the occurrence was at once reported, hardly knew how to break the news, and eventually entrusted the task to the sailor in whose special care the animals were, bidding him break it as gently as possible.

"If you please, sir," said the worthy approaching the bereaved passenger, "you know them two laughing hyenas of yourn ?"

"Yes, my man, what about them ?"

"Nothing much, yer honor, only one of 'em 'asn't got much to laugh at this mornin'!"

~

Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., tells a story of a County Court case he was once engaged in in which the plaintiff's son, a lad of eight years, was to appear as a witness. When the youngster entered the box he wore boots several sizes too large, a hat that almost hid his face, long trousers rolled up so that the baggy knees were at his ankles, and, to complete the picture, a swallow-tail coat that had to be held up to keep it from sweeping the floor. This ludicrous picture was too much for the Court, but the Judge, between his spasms of laughter, managed to ask the boy his reason for appearing in such garb. With wondering look, the lad fished in an inner pocket and hauled the summons from it, pointing out a sentence as he did so. "To appear in his father's suit," it read.

~

He had told her, of course, that he was heir to a dukedom, and whether it was true or not, there is no doubt that she regarded him as the quintessence of politeness. They had a meal at a smart restaurant one night, and she was favoring a bosom friend with the details next day.

"Yes, 'e took me off ter supper at a reg'ler swell rest'rant last night."

"They tell me 'e's real refined ?" said the friend.

"Rarver ! When 'e poured 'is coffee art into 'is saucer ter cool it, 'e didn't blow it, like some common people would; but fanned it with 'is hat."

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Of a certain bishop the following anecdote is told:

While presiding over a conference, a speaker began a tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

After proceeding for a few minutes the bishop interrupted with the question:

"Do I understand that Mr. X— is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes," was the answer; "you can put it that way if you like."

"Well, all I have to say," said the prelate, in sweet and musical tones, "all I have to say is that Mr. X—— has much to be thankful for."

—

The recruit was having his first turn on sentry duty.

"Now remember your salutes," the corporal warned him. "If you see a lieutenant, wearing one star, slope arms. For a captain, with two stars, slope arms also. The major has a crown on his straps, and you present arms. For the colonel, who has stars and a crown, you present arms and turn out the guard."

When he was left alone the recruit went over these orders again and again. Suddenly his musing was interrupted by the approach of an officer. This was a general, and the recruit did not know what to do for him.

"And which might you be?" he asked bluntly.

"I'm the general," replied the officer affably.

"Sure, now, and are ye?" exclaimed the recruit in consternation. "Then ye'll want something big. How'd it do if I give ye a bayonet exercise?"

—

Two newsboys sat in a theatre gallery while "Hamlet" was being played. It was the first time they had seen a play, and they were quivering with excitement. In the last scene, after Hamlet had killed Laertes and the King, the Queen had died of poison, and the "moody Dane" of a poisoned wound, the younger of the two lads could contain himself no longer. Turning to his chum of the streets, in rapturous tones he said:

"Gosh, Bill, what a time for selling speshuls!"